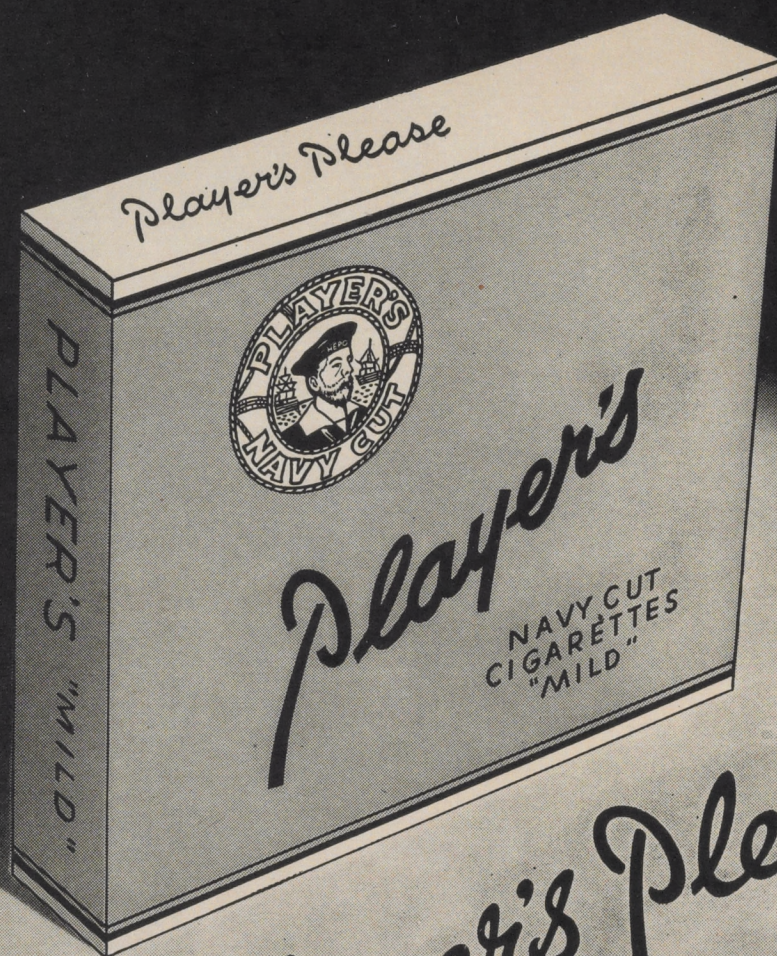


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Vol. XXIII

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

1949-50

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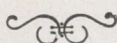
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EDITORIAL



. . . which will be neither lengthy nor wise.

“Ask and it shall be given unto you, seek and ye shall find,” is the policy early formulated and later actively pursued throughout the year. If occasionally the pursuit did not end in capture, then so much are we the losers. Amongst all our potential young Miltons, Hemingways, and Leacocks we have searched for material, upon which, being received, the Editorial Board ruminated, meditated, and ate their lunches, under the patient eye of our faculty advisor. Attempts have been made to present only vital, interesting writing, and suitable art work. Much of the work is of a controversial nature; we hope none of it is platitudinous. But the judgment as to its success lies with you.

Thanks are extended to our faculty adviser, to the assistant editors, who have made the task both light and happy, to the contributors from outside the student body, to the engravers and printers, who have been most co-operative. We wish next year's Editor as much good fortune in his co-workers as we have had this year.

Dr. Graham's Message . . .



I BELIEVE that I can make no better use of the courtesy here extended to me by the editor of *Vox* than to set down briefly my views about the function this publication should serve in the life of the College.

We should be able, through the contents of *Vox*, to measure the extent to which the way of life we follow here has released creative literary capacity in the student members of our college community. Liberal education should not only mature the mind but should also impart an inward urge to use the critical powers creatively in the delineation and interpretation of individual and community experience. A mind that is truly awakened not only has something to say but is under an inner compulsion to try, at least, to say it. *Vox* exists to afford to the student a medium for creative, literary self-expression. This is its most important function.

I sometimes fear that there is not as much of this urge to creative impression among us today as there was a few years ago. The task of literary editors of College and University publications now seems to be that of urging their fellows to produce rather than that of discriminating judgment of what they have produced. I hope that this does not mean that there is falling upon us the *malaise* of intellectual complacency and irresponsibility. What we receive from others comes alive for us only by virtue of what creative effort we make to pass it on to others, whether in literary form or otherwise. It is in seeking to give, not merely to receive, that we add to the riches of our own mind and being. I, for one, shall feel happier when I hear once more that the editor of *Vox* is deluged with manuscripts and hard beset to choose the best among them for publication.

W. C. GRAHAM, *Principal*.

The Dismal Case of Prince Blog

DR. MILLAR MACLURE

YOUNG Prince Blog had been very carefully brought up. His parents had sheltered him from all evil influences, especially from women and machinery. When he was eighteen he had never seen a pin-up girl or heard the insistent music of an internal combustion engine. He was in consequence quite unfitted for his abrupt entrance into our culture.

He had been very thoroughly schooled by an old tutor imbued with old-fashioned ideas of education. The good old fuddy-duddy had given the Prince a solid grounding in humane letters, including ancient and modern literature, history and philosophy. He had the absurd notion that boys can be taught a great deal, and that they are the better for a rigid academic discipline. He also believed that the earlier one acquires some knowledge of the past the earlier one is equipped to deal with the present. He had some other strange ideas too, but these I omit, for I would not have you think too hardly of him.

There was a counsellor in the entourage of the King, Blog's father, a shrewd and ruthless but plausible fellow, who had his eye upon the crown. He reasoned that if Blog could be demoralized (in a quiet way, of course) he might not be fit to succeed to the throne, and the way would be open for someone with modern ideas. Accordingly he suggested to the King that Blog should be sent to university, like other young men of his age.

An excellent training for His Royal Highness, he observed genially. See how the world wags, you know. Meet others of his own age. Democratic too, in a nice way. He will make the better ruler for having mixed with the cream of the masses—and that's what you see at college these days, the cream of the masses.

But surely, said the King nervously, from the things one hears about the universities . . . Surely the environment . . . Blog, now . . . a sweet boy, we think, but tender. Yes, tender is the word I would use. I was just saying to the Queen this morning . . .

Your Majesty, interrupted the counsellor, that is just it. What, after all, is the essence

of government? Compromise. Compromise. Shaking hands with reality, I would call it. So if there is any little discrepancy between the Prince's early training and what he experiences at college, it will teach him to compromise, to strike a balance. He will learn to hide the iron hand in the velvet glove, to season wisdom with temperance, and fortitude with discretion. In short, he will come to terms with the world.

The King gave in, of course, and Blog was duly enrolled in a famous old college, in the Faculty of Arts, in the Freshman year, under the incognito of Smith, J. B. The process of demoralization began.

To begin with, he had nothing to do. He had done the whole four years' work with his tutor before he registered. The tutor (who had been very worried about the whole business) had suggested that he should take courses in mathematics and biology. But the evil counsellor had him registered in Arts, majoring in English and Psychology, and Blog found he couldn't take maths., because of some regulation, or the timetable—he never knew exactly.

At first, it is true, he thought he would have his work cut out for him in the psychology courses. Both subject matter and terminology were strange and even fascinating. Then it came to him that the terms were made up of Latin and Greek roots, and those he understood. Unlike his classmates, he did not have to memorize them, for he knew what they meant. The subject-matter too, he perceived, was the human psyche. They were investigating it in an abstract and roundabout way (scientific, they called it); he was accustomed to understand it by its first direct expression in myth. I fear he began to subside into idle reverie, while his instructors plotted graphs of "attitudes" and "skills."

As for the courses in literature, they were useless altogether. The instructors laboured painfully to expound what to Blog were commonplace. One of them, a very earnest person, spent a whole hour explaining the classical allusions in a poem by Milton, line by line. Blog slept. Most of the time, he noticed, these teach-

ers were not doing anything so advanced as that. They were busy teaching the students what writers in their own tongue actually were saying at any given point. This was for Blog a strange and depressing procedure. The instructors seemed depressed too. One of the younger ones was concerned to develop "skills" (that was his word) for the apprehension of poetry, but he was a guest lecturer from the big Educational Psychology building. He had quite a following, but it did not include Blog.

While the Prince was noticing these disturbing facts, the faculty never noticed him. He was a name on their lists, Smith, J. B. But just before mid-term all Freshmen took an Intelligence Test of the species named by its American Middle West manufacturer "Type MC-4-0." Most of Blog's fellow students made between 160 and 230 out of a possible 300. Blog made 68. The Faculty of Arts and Science, in solemn conclave assembled, decided that (in their words) "since Smith, J. B., is not adapted to the requirements of the Arts Course, we suggest that he seek admission to the School of Engineering." Blog was out.

Meanwhile the delicate and tender Prince had been introduced to what the President, in his welcoming address, had called "the amenities of college life." He had indeed shaken hands with reality. Reality had a warm and nervous paw. Reality's name was Marylouann Muggridge. She was also in Freshman year, but, unlike Blog, she was happy there. She expressed her sentiments pretty freely on their first date.

I rather liked that show, didn't you? O, I forgot, you haven't been to shows much. Well, I suppose most of them aren't much, same old formula, but—Professor Suggs is always criticizing Hollywood in English class but did you see him there tonight? I suppose that was his wife with him, pathetically dowdy I thought. But then how could you dress decently on a teacher's salary that's one thing I'll never be I'm telling you is a teacher's wife. Imagine you not having been in a car either unusual family yours must be (I don't mean it from nasty at all so don't get that look on your face but really). Dad's getting me an Austin for Christmas I think and I'll show you how to drive I'll have to learn myself too I guess the Austin's

got a different shift but it'll be awfully handy. Marj—you remember Marj she's the one with the hair—was in tonight she's got a frightful complex about the athletic director wept salt tears you'd hardly believe she's had wonderful grades up to now I told her to snap out of it if I had her brains I wouldn't mess up my life for anybody. That reminds me I've got to sell tickets for the Hop tomorrow awful bore but I suppose it'll get me out of French class all those verbs I mean I'm just not getting anything done at all I'll have to get cracking on the books soon . . . Isn't that sweet, that one on the left I mean, such a lovely shade. . . .

Who could resist this girlish naivete, this abundant charm? Not Blog. In Marylouann's presence, moving ecstatically in the aura of "Tempt Me," he found refuge from the barrenness of his formal studies, and consolation for his failure therein. Here was one so beautifully untouched by the contaminations of the intellect, a child of nature. Blog failed to perceive that Marylouann was not unusual, that she indeed was an almost ideal representative of her kind. To him she was she. He determined to marry her.

He did marry her, was disinherited for disobeying the provisions of the Royal Marriage Act, 39 Blog XIV, c. 4, and the good King his father passed into the power of the palace cabal headed by that evil counsellor. Blog went into the insurance business in order to support Marylouann in the style to which she was accustomed. A psychiatrist friend of mine, in a moment of indiscretion, told me the other night that Marylouann was his patient. Are there already some little tensions in that love-nest? Poor Blog.

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Forever is Ending Today

J. H. Dow

"Quiet here, isn't it?"

"Yeah, it's quiet."

"What's the matter, Harry? Did I say something wrong?"

"Naw. Nothing wrong."

"Well, what's the matter? Why don't you look at me? What did I do?"

"Nothing. You never done nothing."

She hadn't. Not in ten years. He had always been the one who had done everything. Most of it seemed wrong. But she was right. He had no kicks. It was just all over.

"Won't you say something, Harry?"

"Sure, what do you want me to say?"

"Oh, that isn't what I meant. Until last week everything was going swell and now suddenly you are so cold. What's got into you?"

"Aw, lay off, Joan. Lay off. It's just the way it is."

Just the way it is. For the last ten years it was always going to be different. Always they were going to have something better. Always. Now it was better and they weren't going to have it. Something had gone sour. He had a good job for the first time in his life. He had money, friends. What had gone sour?

"Take me home, Harry. There's not much sense in just standing here if we can't even talk to each other."

"Yeah, I'll take you home."

"Well, don't sound so hurt about it. I can get home myself if that is the way you feel about it. Where do you want to go? Am I holding you back from something?"

"Maybe that's what happened. Maybe you are holding me back. I don't know. I just don't know."

She burst out crying. He hadn't seen her cry for nearly five years. But he didn't feel it. He just watched her as she ran away. He was all alone, with a bridge and a river and lights from the town and the sky. He wondered how it would have been any other way. He had always been alone. From the time that he had walked the long way to school in the mornings. Always alone.

"Got a match, bud?"

This was just one more time he was stifled with his loneliness. It would always be this way. Somewhere he felt there must be a place that . . .

"Little boy! Got a match?"

"Yeah. Yeah, sure. Here."

"Thanks, Mac. What you doing here all by yourself on the bridge? Waiting for your girl?"

"No, she just left. I'm not waiting for nobody. Say, who the hell do you think you are?"

"Me—I'm nobody. Nobody at all. I just got a light from you. Remember? Only if you are going swimming, leave the matches behind, I can use them."

"Swimming? Me? No, mister. You got the wrong idea. I was just standing here."

"Standing here. Just standing here. That's what they all say. One fellow was half over and he said he was just sitting there. Just sitting. He was quite a big guy too. What was you? A big boy, or just a small-time guy?"

"I'm just a small-time guy. What's your racket?"

"Racket? Me—With a racket? Don't be silly. It's just that when they leave this bridge, they got no use for stuff. So I ask for it before they



go. One fellow had nearly a million dollars and it frightened him. Another told me he was glad to give me the stuff. Sort of a last way of cheating the income tax. Charitable donations. Guess he kept his book too long."

"What the hell are you talking about? Go on, beat it. Leave me alone."

"You want to be alone, eh? Getting real dramatic, like a movie. O.K., sonny boy, I'll leave you alone. But how about leaving your stuff behind you?"

"What the hell is the matter with you? Are you crazy or something?"

"Crazy? Maybe. I should maybe stay at home where it's warmer. But I like guys like you. So long, sonny boy. Be seeing you, in maybe fifty years."

The man must be a loony. Stumping off across the bridge like a cheated dog watching a bone being taken away from him. The whole damn world was crazy. He tossed a pebble that was lying on the walk. It arched out and away from the bridge, caught in some mysterious gust of wind. It splashed and the loony turned around sharply. He broke into a weird cackle that drifted on the air like a kid's paper plane, skimming and dipping and then disappearing. He went out of sight on the far side of a street light and became a part of the shadows.

Where to now? Back home to nothing. A scene and explanations that would never explain anything. They had married with the idea they would be together forever. But when did forever end? Today? Yesterday? When was it? Or was there more of it yet?

He should do something, go somewhere. He felt foolish standing here. Go where? Home. Forever had gone from home. He wanted to leave too. Another girl? For what? That same thing all over again. No, he would start moving and never stop. Now he was in the middle of nowhere, stopped in the middle of a bridge. Another bridge to cross. What was that expression his mother used? Don't cross your bridges until you come to them. And he was right in the middle of one. Why bother crossing?

A cool breeze sprang up from nowhere. This was what the loony had meant by being warmer at home. He felt it along his hand, cool and a

little damp. There was no human hand could ever equal the sensation. Just the wind and the water would ever have that effect. Only the wind was something that you had to wait for. The water was always waiting for you.

Wonder how many people had gone in off this bridge? Making the fatal step. They hadn't bothered to cross their bridges. He hadn't heard of any from this bridge. Funny, such a good spot too. And the loony wanting a match. Maybe he had wanted to leap. Too bad he had come along and stopped him. He would have read about it in the papers next day and could have kidded Joan about it. Only she would have got mad at him.

"Don't you dare joke about such things."

That's what she always said. Life was too serious to kid about death in that way. He lit a cigarette and tossed the match over the rail. It burned all the way down and he imagined he could hear psst as it hit the water.

He dragged deeply and followed the smoke up with his eyes as it disappeared into the stars, then he followed the stars down into the water again. He was sure he had heard the match drop. He flicked the cigarette out and over and followed the red spark as it arched into the water. This time he heard a noise. The water seemed closer at night. The stars bobbing silently on the waves, bibbing, bobbing. Black water, rising and falling with his breath. Rising and falling. Falling, falling, falling . . .

"Got a match, bub? You seem to take a long time . . ."

"What? Who the hell? You . . . Here, take them all. I'm going home."

"Yes, it's warmer there. I think I will go too. Now."



Pattern for Henry

DON RODGERS

A BOY kicked the soccer ball up the field and someone else raced him for it. The knot of boys by the fence gradually peeled away in loud pursuit and Henry was left lying in the dirt. A thin hand wiped tears from frightened dark eyes, smearing them across a sallow face which looked older than its twelve years. Slowly he got to his feet, slowly pushed through the gate and slowly headed for home.

Henry didn't mind being beaten up. He was used to it. Nearly every boy in the class had had a poke at Henry. Not because he was offensive but because he was not offensive at all. He was "Poky" and "Dreamer," and easy to beat up. A block from the schoolyard he had forgotten his defeat entirely and stopped to watch a gang of men patching the asphalt. From them he dawdled up the avenue, gazing intently into store windows he had gazed into the night before, and the night before that, and every night of the school week. The dark eyes seemed to expand as they fell on guitars and statuettes, on cabbages and oranges, on watches and rings and on platters of fish. At intersections his little figure halted, hands behind back and feet apart, to watch with nervous excite-

ment the streams of square black cars and throbbing trucks. Along a chalk-mosaiced sidewalk he kicked a wad of newspaper. He kicked a piece of board. He kicked a tin can. He went home, alone.

Nobody asked Henry why he was so late coming home. Nobody asked him anything. His mother, large and flushed, was jiggling steaming pots about the gas stove. His father, stretched out on the worn couch, shirtless and shoeless, was engrossed in a newspaper. Betty, with smiles and grimaces, was combing her long hair before the living room mirror. George was tickling and pinching Henry's young brother John. George was fifteen and had a steady job. George was a man and Henry was a boy. He walked into the other room and looked out the window by Betty. Nobody asked him anything. He was lonely and he didn't know why.

* * *

One of the young men swung down from his stool and walked towards the door. "I'm going up to the Arcade," he said at the door. "Anybody coming?" The knot of bell-bottomed, shiny-haired young fellows at the counter gradually filed noisily out into the night and Henry was left sitting there. He deliberated following after them but decided against it. He felt out of place in the midst of their noisy boisterousness and preferred his own company. He was "Dreamy", and he was used to it. Besides, he had things to think about. He had lost another job today.

He rubbed the palms of his thin hands against the cold marble of the counter and wondered why he didn't find a job that interested him. He always got along fine the first few weeks and then when the novelty wore off he either quit or began to daydream and was fired. It would be different if he was one of those guys who made friends easily. If he could talk freely with the people he worked with and not have to dream to make the time fly. Henry gazed at the cream pies and biscuits lined up against the big mirror. He gazed at his own thin, sallow face and large, dark eyes. He was twenty-two and looked older. He lit a cigarette and his



thoughts drifted as its smoke. He saw himself effortlessly making conversation with a beautiful young lady who smiled and nodded and listened. He saw himself laughing and talking with a group of the fellows, and being asked things.

"Anything for ya?" The Greek, polishing a glass, broke in on his reverie. "A cup of coffee, please," said Henry, and wished he could ask how business was or what the Greek thought about this Darrow fellow, and the teaching of evolution in schools. He wished people would speak to him about anything. He wished he could get a job he really liked. He wished he wasn't so alone, and he wondered why he was.

* * *

One of the men at the head of the line stepped out and sauntered across the sidewalk. "No more listings up today?" he shouted back to the men lined along the wall. "May as well go home!" Movement away from the door confirmed him and gradually the little knots of men straggled off, leaving Henry sitting against the wall. His sallow cheeks sucked a last draw from his cigarette and he spun it into the gutter. He didn't want to go back to his stuffy box of a room and he was tired of walking around. What was a depression anyway, he wondered, that it could knock the world around? It had sure knocked him around. He was thirty-two and felt sixty. He was unmarried, and flat broke.

I probably never will get married, mused Henry. Somehow that struck him as funny and he grinned. Never will . . . never been in danger of it, is more to the point . . . except for Helen . . . but that was long over with. If he could have held a job . . . and then this damned depression. He comforted himself with the knowledge that he was used to being unemployed.

He was used, also, to stuffy little box-like rooms and being alone. Especially of being alone. He rose stiffly and strolled up the avenue, pausing occasionally to gaze intently into store windows. He was alone but he didn't particularly care.

* * *

The evening bus from Windsor looped into the depot and squeezed itself into its stall. The knot of people waiting mingled noisily with the passengers arriving. There were gasped greetings and clumsy, luggage-hindered embraces. Henry stepped down through the door, and eased alongside to the luggage compartment. There were fewer people about when the driver pulled forth his lusty pack. A trio of young girls stared at him with curiosity as he deftly slung its bulk to his shoulders. He didn't notice.

Henry was forty-six but he looked younger. His dark eyes misted dreamily as he strode up Yonge Street. It felt good to get back to "T.O." The fruit season was profitable and the peninsula beautiful but he missed the asphalt and the streetcars. Should be lots of work around now. Lots of construction going on. Brown and Hartsford would take him on if they needed anybody. He was a good worker.

Henry loved the city. He delighted in white expanses of pavement and the flowing curves of driveways. His pulses stirred to the provocative twinkle of neons, winking against the dark tresses of night. The throaty night-voice of the streets with inflexions of traffic and the undertone of passers-by sang softly in his heart. The windows of the Young street bric-brac shops reached golden arms across the sidewalk. Henry unslung his pack in the glow of a window and gazed intently at guitars and statuettes.

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WINNIPEG, MAN.

The Question

By JOE FRY

"WHAT the hell do we do now?" This expression of a fourth year art student seemed to sum up the attitude of a group who were discussing their plans for the future. In a few weeks the university would close shop for another year but for many in that group the doors would be permanently closed. They were rather stunned by the realization that this was the end of their formal education. What had happened during the four years? What was it to mean for them in the future? I think most of them realized that their real education was only now to begin, but on what basis did they have to build?

None of those in the group regretted taking an arts course but many of them, for the first time, were really wondering about the meaning of such an education. Many have pondered this question, many more shall do so in a few months when the university's doors are closed permanently for them.

What is the purpose of a university education? Surely we have the right to ask this pertinent question? Sir Richard Livingstone, Vice-Chancellor of Oxford, had this to say at the 1916 University Conference, "What the world most needs and most lacks today is a clear and worthy view of life. . . . What do we do to give the under-graduate such a view? I think we must reply, 'Little or Nothing'."

Has the university lost its real purpose while it still tenaciously clings to straw ideals? Any institution which pretends to give what it cannot is false and demoralized. There is often a yawning chasm between the ideals to which the university traditionally professes allegiance, and for which it still supposes itself to stand, and the actual motives which govern it. The Idea of the university can perish with the institution, it can regenerate it, or it can move on and find a truer expression in a new form.

In what ways are the academic pursuits of our university courses related to the vital questions of life? If education seeks to bring into life greater richness and greater intensity, to make life more sensitive, to make it more alive, then it must ask the vital questions and seek

to establish a basis on which they can be answered.

The great store of rich literature, born out of the depths of human experience, must again be made to speak to our human experience. The words of the philosophers must be critically examined and their insights into reality related to the process of living instead of being veiled in academic unreality. The social sciences, in their endeavour to understand the "how and why" of human behavior, must never lose sight of man as a total person. The human personality is more than the sum total of glands. The behavior of man can never be fully explained by regarding him as a lump of protoplasm that reacts to the prods of his environment. Does history reveal any purpose in the existence of man? Dates, events, names, more dates, new events, different names, the endless cycle of purposelessness and the "caravan reaches the nothingness it set out from."

What do our universities have to say to the basic question—What is the nature of man and his place in the universe? The modern university is betraying its students if it ignores this vital question, a question which cannot be answered in the traditional academic attitude of a spectator. Of no universities had the intellectual prestige been higher than the German universities of the last century and yet it was from these same universities that Hitler recruited much of the "talent" to carry out his monstrous plans. The philosophies of the classroom were too academic and unreal. In the traffic of the busy market place something new was happening which shattered the syllogistic forms and solutions of the schools. The basic questions of life must be raised and a basis laid by which they can be answered. To be so objective that we adhere to nothing is mere liberal sentimentalism. The prevailing temper of pseudo-objectivity or false impartiality is often unwittingly mistaken for fairness by both staff and student. There can be no more tacit conspiracy of silence.

Are the modern universities in a position to tackle this tremendous task? Is our own college

capable of dealing with these issues? No institution could even begin to seriously consider the challenge unless a vital community spirit existed. The mass educational methods have so de-personalized many of our universities that almost any community spirit is non-existent. This has caused a further breakdown of inter-student relations and accentuated the formal academic relations between student and professor. A university within the university is needed; a group composed of students and staff who are concerned with the great need and who would dedicate themselves to its cause. Such a group can be the means to generate the university from within and be its salvation. Such a proposal is of course not new. It exists in different forms in many universities. The tone of our college is especially susceptible to such an idea and indeed some beginning has been made. The great concern on the part of the administration and some of the staff of our college are added healthy signs. More concern among the students is necessary; those who believe in her and love her, who would critically examine her in sympathy and faith. The problem is gigantic and no easy or simple solution can be put forth. All that the writer is endeavoring to do or even capable of doing is to raise the problem and ask questions.

One question causes much concern. If it is agreed that the basic question concerns the nature of man and his place in the universe, who is capable of dealing with it? Shall it be the state? Shall it be the church, and if so which one? Will each university deal with the problem separately, or will it be left to the individual professor to commit himself to his personal convictions? We want no rigid dogmas and we will accept no lifeless doctrines. Powerful ideologies are answering this question for thousands of students and we reject their totalitarianism. The University Grants Commission reported: "A university which allows itself to become the 'tied house' of any special interest or calling would lose the world as well as its own soul for it would soon be found that every limitation of its academic freedom was accompanied by a weakening of the very qualities which originally made its services seem so desirable to secure."

The Commission's report is undoubtedly true, but the problem remains and the university is

less a university. It has largely lost its evangelical mission to generate a purpose in its pupils. Far too many students with a diploma in their hands are asking the first question in this article. For those who enter university with a purpose the situation is less tragic. In the group of near-graduates mentioned at the beginning only one had come with a definite purpose, besides wanting a university education. He felt most strongly about the validity of a liberal arts education and there was almost a resentment towards him from some of the others who felt less fortunate. Perhaps students must bear a greater part of the responsibility for their dilemma. Sir Walter Moberly thinks, "It is probably fair to say that we have this greatly increased proportion of our population in colleges and universities not because of a genuine desire for learning but because of the value of education as a tool of social ambition."

There is a real crisis in the university today. What will be the fate of the university if it fails to respond to the crisis? Dr. Hutchins, the Chancellor of the University of Chicago, confronts us with a tremendous challenge and judgment. "If education can contribute to a moral, intellectual and spiritual revolution, then it offers a real hope of salvation to suffering humanity everywhere. If it cannot, or will not, contribute to this revolution, then it is irrelevant and its fate is immaterial."

LIMERICKS

By ALBERT SCHACHTER

*There was a young fellow from U,
Who had nothing better to dU,
Than to sit on his feet,
Stand up on his seat,
And call to the coeds, "YuhU"!*

*A cat and a mouse and a dog
Went fishing one day for a frog;
But the frog was too slipp'ry,
And the boat was too tipp'ry;
So they drowned, all three, in the bog.*

*A hunter went hunting for denizen,
And bagged a dozen of venison.
They put him in gaol,
Said "5000 baol,
'Cause, really, a dozen's too manyson."*

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SONG OF A MODERN (AND SLIGHTLY REBELLIOUS) HAREM GIRL

Master, what is thy desire?

Ask whate'er thou would of me.

Jewels, roses, altar, fire;

Heavy incense drifting higher.

Sweet words — (know me for a liar),

I shall give it thee.

Master, I await thy pleasure,

Speak what thou would have me do.

Gold is but a tiring treasure —

Plumes and cushions for your leisure.

I shall bring; and white wines measure.

(Beware a poison brew).

Master, dances old I know,

Wish you that of me?

Eyes cast down (lest boredom show)

Through the ancient steps I go.

The eyes of other dancers glow

But what is that to me?

Master, did I hear thee call?

See, still I answer thee.

But the gifts of love were ever small

And oh! its bars weave on irksome wall.

Beware, my Lord, lest you summon all

And I am free.

DONNA MUNROE

SONNET

When I describe upon this lasting page,

The love I feel for you within my heart,

I realize, 'though we give way to age;

'Though time's grim stroke will move us far
apart;

Some lover long ahead in untold book—

In chapter yet unread by Time's keen eye—

Will love and on my humble words will look,

Will think and say the same as here did I.

Oh! love dies not as mortal lovers do,

But lights it's vibrant flame in young loves'
minds,

And thrives, and brightly burns unending
through

The ages; to complete its true design.

Though thrones may fall — be moulds to dust
decaying —

Words live in lovers' hearts for future saying.

PAUL A. SIGURDSON.

The Luxury Tax

J. H. Dow

THE Canadian government has seen fit to impose upon its miserable subjects a tax which we feel has not been duly appreciated, nor duly extended. Among those items not specifically mentioned in the brief before the House of Commons has been the upper levels of education.

To prevent any misunderstanding, let the generic term "liberal education" extend to all upper branches of the educational tree as we now vision it, with the possible exception of those military and business training machines which have such small pretensions that they are willing to train a man to do a job. The apparent aim of all higher education is to render a man unfit for menial service and incapable of better, and all women unsuited for any but the most subliminal tasks. This is a byproduct of culture and there has been devised no ready market for its absorption. The college transmission of "the cultural heritage" has been worshipped by John Dewey as a "wonderful mouthfilling phrase." The twenty-five percent luxury tax has been on education for a long time.

Businessmen have indulged in the luxury of philosophy for some time, called it pragmatism, and offered common stock at par value to hungry *summum bonum* seekers. In education pragmatism becomes progressivism, and had been progressive so long as the new methods were applied on apparently necrotic skulls steeped in the preservative indoctrinations of reading, writing, and arithmetic. A recession is due. Progress is possible from a point, but the idea of progress from nature seems to indicate more nature. While Wordsworth and Rousseau cartwheel, we will quote R. M. Hutchins, a voice in the wilderness of weedy reform. The liberal arts college degree "Seems to certify that the student has passed an uneventful period without violating any local, state, or federal laws, and that he has a fair, if temporary, recollection of what his teachers have said to him. . . . Little pretense is made that many of the things said to him are of much importance." A luxury indeed, although this was not said of Manitoba universities.

We are unfortunately the perpetrators of a necessary society; there is little proper luxury bequeathed to us. We eat common food, drink common drink, speak common speech; we spawn few gourmands, few gourmets, and no orators. We have a lot of college graduates. One of the supposed purposes of the college existence is to preserve culture, especially that of the past. When the monks hid out in the cloistered ruins and illuminated manuscripts, this was a very sound idea. There is no present purge on culture, its only danger is internal decay. When Plato finally becomes untranslatable, let him die in peace. When Jesus seems to teach death as a way of life, he had better be relegated to the land of myth. Until then, the colleges will do little to preserve culture, and they would do better to spread it. We are living in a democracy which is ably marked by the freedom to live; we should be living with colleges which mark the way to live well. The college should be a proving ground for life, not an escape or at best a conflict with life. The student parades his dichotomy of living before an amazed public which tries to sympathize and manages to tolerate. The graduate student is a novice in the world, and generally shirks his responsibilities for leadership, until he feels sure of himself, and then he dies.

There is one field in which the college life excels. It is an apparently appreciated one, for the one certain test that intellects will acknowledge is the test of time. Every college graduate is the most immune to insult of any class of the human races. Small men with small minds read a book and then write another one about that book. This is called a textbook and thousands of immune-from-insult students read, paraphrase and write examinations on that book. Thousands of lectures are oral presentations of these hallowed shrines, while the more decent if more outmoded Christian shrines are spurned. Every college text has the suggestive title "Introductory," and the student wades through more introductions and remembers less of the things he meets than any scorned social climber on his way to the dizzy heights

of indecency. The present theory of education holds that students should be introduced to every conceivable course in the first two years, then they may choose those they feel promise pleasure through another introduction. If they lack the minds to be insulted, perhaps they have the necessary sensitivity in their pocket books. Some appear bored stiff, others are limply perplexed, but none will admit the much finer emotions aroused by insult. It is a luxury to be able to withstand insult. It is only those people endowed with procrastination and superficiality who are the natural inheritors of this luxury.

It is with reluctance that we would point out the basis for the law regarding luxury items and taxes. We are the holders of a democracy, the retainers of beautiful myths. That education may be a necessity for democracy while becoming a luxury, is a paradox we would endeavor to resolve. It is of paramount importance that everyone in a democracy assume the easier means of communication, in our particular outmoded culture this means learning to speak, and sometimes read and write. Thinking is not a form of communication, and has rightly been relegated to the few people who seem to enjoy it, in much the same way that only a few people box and wrestle. In both cases most are content to enjoy the sports as spectators. Few people want to hurt themselves; besides it takes so much practice. Now, it is easy to understand that training in communication is necessary for the functioning of a democracy, and that this prime need has given rise to much of the jingoism that insists on freedom as a cornerstone of our way of life. It shouldn't involve too great a demand on the same understanding to realize that while this may be a necessity in a certain broad sense, it amounts to a luxury for the individual. It is an unnecessary luxury that each individual should be capable of succinct writing, proper pronunciation and polite conversation. These are reflections of culture and a supposed production of college training. We could do with a great deal less of these undoubtedly admirable virtues and expressions of good taste if we were assured that the colleges would produce a satisfactory number of leaders in thought, government, and the relief of man's estate. Those graduates who do assume a place of leadership in their community, coun-

try, and field, do so more often despite their college training than due it.

If there is one distinguishing characteristic of leadership, it is the feeling of responsibility toward the followers. Somehow the public at large has not given up its trust in college men, it still seeks the answer to many baffling questions from the mouths of college graduates. It is not long before the individual men in this vaster public despair of finding pertinent answers to their questions from the evasive tongues of the superficial dilettantes of the arts and sciences. Even those pillars of society in our yesteryears, the doctors, ministers, and druggists, have built walls around themselves to shield them from the demanding questions of their friends. The luxury of education is its escape from the demands of living, and the challenge to education is to build in its own environment a stimulating, instructive, and forceful atmosphere that breeds men and leaders rather than cynics and misleaders. A college should be ready to assume the complete education of any man with the necessary intelligence and maturity, regardless of his past training and his present incentive. If the college does not provide an inspiration for the necessary work entailed in study, if it does not reproduce the live vitality of the extramural environment, if it does not accept ignorance into its walls, then it had better amalgamate with other lending libraries where the least virtue is sensible classification of subject matter.

College faculties are splitting up at an alarming rate. English is divided into studies of other writings and practises of one's own; languages are taught as though they were a strange mixture of dream symbolism and hieroglyphic manipulation rather than means of communication; mathematics are made to conform to such a pattern of conditioned reflexes that a special department must be set aside to teach their application; social studies lead one to separate doors to find out how a man acts or how that mysterious conglomeration known as society might function if it were ever adequately described. The student must enlist in some number of these classified abstracts and later attempt to reconcile the force of the physics lab with the libido of the psychologists and the murderer of Shakespeare. He must overlook the personal lives of people while he delves

into forces of religion, economics, politics, wars, immigrations, and the comparatively new discovery, social disintegration. He must listen attentively while irrelevant details that appeal to the whims of lecturers are brought to his notice from textbooks that speak more and more in flimsy generalities; then step out into a world made up of carfare, passions, sickness, and college pep rallies. After four years of this schizoid living, he is deemed fitted to apply for a job as a salesman or routine technician who pours little vials into large containers or separates placentae from uteri. His period of unadulterated luxury over, he must reconcile his existence to society, whose chief demands are that he pay his bills promptly. The best students are naturally those who are indifferent or insensitive to this duality of existence, or those blessed souls who mature so slowly that they never do discover the baseness that allows their idols of romantic art and over-worshipped science to stand unreachable above them.

For many years the chief function of the public schools was to turn out perverted mimickers who could meet the standards of university entrance by liberal sprinklings of culture coned from history, literature, and languages; and for years the chief function of the university was to ridicule all that had been previously taught and set the student right with cynical remarks on patriotism, virtue, heroism, and religion; and suggest that his future acuteness would rest on his ability to understand the actions of men as evidences of their self-seeking baseness. Try as they may the college student finds it difficult to avoid the contagion of cynicism and despondency that breeds from such resentful appraisal of the leaders in society that colleges offer. The most sought explanation of action is selfishness, and all other possible choices are eliminated as soon as a well-phrased censure is written. It is small wonder that college men do not seek leadership, they are too self-critical to believe themselves capable of giving a loaf of bread without ulterior motives, let alone assuming the thankless and demanding task of leading public opinion and guiding public action. We have bred a luxury of hypercritical mumblers who condemn all actions without ever offering better ones.

Despite the annual crop of scholastic successes and public failures that are "mess" pro-

duced, there is a continual murmur going on about the best way to educate this strange animal called a student. The murmurs assume a pat solution and seek it as though they had never heard of the Philosopher's stone. The trouble with any such solution is the seeking of absolutes, and the glaring misconception of the purpose of education. Education only exists to produce educated men and women, it is not to produce a mould or pattern, as modern conceptions of law seem to indicate. In some ways the rigidity of law leaves the individual freer than liberality of law, for he is then at least free to choose obedience or disobedience with the resulting prices of frustration or punishment. Only at the elementary levels is this principle operative in intelligent education, yet the present awards of degrees, marks, scholarships and public licencing has all the artificial stimulation that the impatient mother's piece of candy offers. At least a trained boxer does not need a diploma to show that he is capable of handling his fists, but apparently a college graduate cannot be identified any other way. As a mother spansks her child when she is incompetent to manage him, so the colleges expel unruly students, fail those who do not give the expected responses on examinations, and disown those who make statements embarrassing to the college's public relations. The incentive to learning should spring from the student's needs, not from the artificial impositions of college approval and familial hopes. The student should be graded according to his own progress, not by the present means of judging from a fluctuating norm of responses to set questions which can never be much more than a test of memory, and seldom more than an indication of interest. Some students are complete gluttons and their status depends so entirely on their achievements in scholastic fields that they eagerly soak up all the useless knowledge offered them in the firm belief that they will find satisfaction in drinking heavily from the sap of the tree of knowledge, and they are well on their way to a futile old age before they finally acknowledge that there is more offered than they can drink. These insatiable gluttons provide the pattern that is admired by professors, while the more normal humans watch the process in disgusted amazement and fail the examinations. The gluttons exhibit their swelled heads to the public for approval

and write knowing tomes on authors that nature had graced with virginal dust.

It would be foolish to blame the colleges entirely for this production of ethereal intellectuality; some people will divorce life regardless of law, customs, or religion. It is the waste mounting each year as the more normal and useful of college entrants are ignored in favor of these dust displacers of ancient libraries' helpless tombs. Indeed much of the intolerant attitude of the faculty is based on what they would call the historic approach, digging up the past with its so-called glory and offering it in all seriousness as a comment on modern life. There is a justification for some stress on the historic approach, but there is no justification for the half-hearted appendage of modern literature, history, art, philosophy and social study at the end of courses, books, and articles. Where contemporary study would be most rewarding, at the junior levels, it is entirely omitted in favor of poorly taught courses of classical learning. Apparently a young student is incapable of reading contemporary literature, but is deemed much more competent to derive sense from classical writings where words have an entirely different connotation from those he is supposed to use in daily discourse. We insist on producing incompetents for dull life and haven't the guts to produce visionaries capable of a more inspired existence.

The present defence of those responsible for education is a shrug, and the suggestion of a dilemma no matter what way they turn. Most students have a home life immeasurably emotional and insignificantly intellectual. They need some inspiration. Most faculty members are all too anxious to offer their personal services but are presently engaged in the never ending and fruitless task of preparing courses, delivering lectures, marking papers, and attempting mass disciplinary efforts as a substitute for interest provocation. When there is closer team work among the faculty members, and a subservience to the interests of the student, by close personal contact, advice, and a decent attempt to realize that the student is filled with a sense of his own importance and capacities, then amazing results will follow. So long as the present combination of impotent temper tantrums and terrible attempts at humorous cojology is employed, the student

will labor under artificial stimulation, and the instructor under delusions of success. The most successful lecture is the least educative, and the pleasant manner of some instructors bears testimony to their unfounded conceit. The sycophantic attitudes of the student stenographers who amass reams of notes, no method, little memory, and a marked titubation from left-handed weight lifting, should be enough justification for the elimination of formal lectures.

The present trend in education is a retrenchment of all the old evils in new guises. A dynamic is sought to replace the Christian ideals, a dynamic which assumes more and more the shape of a stillborn social consciousness. The time is not ripe for this bastard of idealism to appear as the motivating force behind education. If the Christian promise of rewards in the after life is now inadequate to drive men to educative self-discipline, then the driving force of man's utility to society must be measured by more sensitive galvanometers than the twisted coils of liberal education. The only adequate motive for the present crops of students to grow is the training for leadership. Our need for leaders is apparent in every sphere of life, and those who are presently employing themselves as leaders are the industrialists who manage to maintain the only pure motivation in all our complex incaginations of society — selfish lust for power. The laborer is swayed between devotion to an intangible cause and the necessity to keep a constant dribble of pay cheques arriving home. The scientists are confounded by too many contrary theories, and the fact that their training demands they be skeptical while their discoveries demand that they be astounded. The politician has not yet acclimatized his oratorical talents to the needs of a literate public who refuses to be surprised at the most violent disclosures, and are more capable than himself of believing the opposition to be all wrong. There is an increasing demand that the graduates from liberal colleges spring to the breaches in leadership, and until society becomes a stagnant mass of equalities, the need for leadership will increase. Nor will this lead to any sort of class distinction, for the graduate will continue to be the son of the people he will be called upon to lead.

Further Research Concerning W. Wordsworth

THIS is a collection of Wordsworth's lesser known Lucy poems, following his affair with a French girl, from the very beginning when they met in London after her marriage to an Englishman whose name is never revealed, to the tragic, somewhat sordid ending of Lucy's life, poisoned by the man who loved her.

Wordsworth was much older than Lucy and liked to call himself her "daddy." Once in an attempt to break off with Lucy, he sent her to Texas with his aunt, but Lucy's tender heart broke, and she took to drink. Wordsworth called her home at once. On the way back she was the heroine of a shipwreck, and with her indomitable spirits kept up the courage of the survivors.

Their love affair, perhaps the greatest in English literature, was a tender, gay time for both Wordsworth and Lucy. A few clouds of jealousy darkened his sky when rumors of Lucy's little friendship with Hardy reached London, but on the whole Wordsworth and Lucy were very happy. Wordsworth tells us that he used to run up to Lyonesse unexpectedly to see Lucy, but she would have heard of his approach and run off to the next county. This giddy hide-and-seek went on for many years until one or both of two events, one probably fictional, took place.

Lucy was sent down to prison and Wordsworth lost his mind. Literary critics feel Wordsworth must have been a little out of his head, but there is controversy over Lucy's prison record.

When she came home, if indeed she ever left, Wordsworth, beset with notions of her immorality, poisoned her and buried her in the garden under a rose bush. He writes a pleading, bitter, poem to her unknown lover, asking him why he has not attended Lucy's funeral. As a matter of fact, none attended her funeral. The only other person who knew of Lucy's death was Lucy's mother.

HELEN BREKKE, Ph.D., Litt. D.

I. TO LUCY. WITH DEEP FEELING.

Lucy, Lucy of Lyonesse,
The flower of the state,
Lucy is gone to London Town,
Her lover for to mate.
Lucy, Lucy of London Town,
Once more in Lyonesse,
With bruises black and darkly brown,
Her marriage was a mess.

II. SORROW IN RETROSPECT.

In Lyonesse where Hardy lived
There stands a little fountain,
Or was it Arnold who lived there?
Perhaps it was a mountain?
At any rate, there Lucy dwelt,
She knew old Hardy well.
And yet I never dreamed that she
Would fall beneath his spell.

III. IMMORALITY WILL OUT.

Lucy went to Chinatown,
(A suburb of Lyonesse).
She bought a costly silken gown,
A lacy summer dress.
It matters not how Lucy's clad
Her morals ever will be bad.
Ah, Lucy, stay away from me,
At least until eternity.

IV. THE TRAVELLING SALESMAN.

I took a bus to Lyonesse,
My Lucy for to see,
But Lucy'd gone to Lancashire,
She dreaded seeing me.

V. WHAT'S SKIN DEEP?

In Lyonesse, in Arthur's time,
My Lucy was a beauty,
The years have passed, I love her still,
Great is my sense of duty.

VI. IN EXILE.

Lucy, Lucy of Rancho Grande,
Here is a letter from your old auntie,
"Leave the saloon and give up likker,
And you'll get to heaven and daddy much
quicker."

VII. SHIPWRECK.

O Lucy on the burning deck,
Forget you not your duty,
Climb up upon the flaming boards,
And shout your rooty-tooty.
Oh, harden not your tender heart,
Get women and children off,
Cheer up the sailors' hearts, my dear,
And do not stop to cough.
What if the boat is burning bright,
Its decks are sinking lower,
It is a warming death, my dear,
And drowning is much slower.

VIII. TO THE LOST LUCY.

I took the train to Lyonesse,
My Lucy for to woo,
But oh, alas, she was not there,
Nor was her suitcase, too.
I went to see my Lucy sweet,
I had a rose to give her,
Alas, ah me, she was not there,
They sold her down the river.

IX. IN MEMORIAM.

Lucy is dead and I am sad,
For she was my daughter and I her dad,
But her mother is rather glad.

X. RING OUT! RING OUT! (A Song).

Ring, ring, ye bells,
Lucy is dead,
Because she ate
Some hot, fresh bread.
Ring out, wild bells,
And toll our doom!
Lucy is dead.
We can rent her room!

Chorus:

I bought a pound of cyanide,
I baked a cake today,
Ah, lonely will my life be now,
That Lucy's gone away.

XI. REQUIESCAT (TO THE UNKNOWN LOVER)

They've showered her with roses,
But never a word from you,
I don't know you from Moses,
Ah, would that she did too.
They've feted her in dozens
And everyone was there,
Her friends, her foes, her cousins,
But from you, not one stare.
Strew on her roses, roses,
But never a spray of yew,
In peace your heart reposes,
Ah, would that mine did too.

XII. LAMENT.

The green grass is growing o'er the grave where
Lucy lies,
Oh, nevermore my love I'll see, her gold hair
and her eyes,
I never knew what sorrow was, till Lucy's soul
had fled,
And now my heart is squeezing out sad tears
of deepest red.
Oh woe is me, oh misery, oh dearest heart laid
down
Amid the dank and chilly sods, what profit in
the ground?
The little birds are singing o'er the spot where
Lucy is laid,
In all the earth will ne'er be found a purer,
sweeter maid.
Her goodness shone from out her eyes, her soul
was there to see,
How long, how long have I to wait, till I am
there with thee?
My bitter sobs, my soul-rack't sighs, alas, to no
avail,
For she has gone ahead of me down that long,
awesome trail.

THEN

*The snow swirls—
Cold and swift and low.
And the sting of it on my cheek
Is as the sting of long-forgotten tears.
Who was I then
That I weep now?*

*Once there were arms to reach through the
snow
And warm me,
And teach me to find it beautiful.
And they were strong,
And safe,
And very, very dear.
But the snow swirls
And I cannot remember their touch.
And there was a voice to call through the snow
And help me to find the storm gentle.
But I cannot remember the words
For the snow beats . . .
Cold and swift and low,
And the land is lonely.*

*The snow swirls,
And the sting of it on my cheek
Is as the sting of long-forgotten tears.
Why can I not remember those tears?
Or if there were eyes that watched my fear
And loved me for being weak?
And the beckoning pulse of the storm shudders
across the waste.
And I cover my face.
For I know not how to follow.*

*Once there were cold forests about me,
And from their shelter I watched a city burn.
And there were arms to reach out of the dark
And comfort me.
And a voice to still my weeping.
But the jealous stars that watched us go
Ordained that the tears I had not wept
Should fall now.*

*Who was I then?
How many centuries have I wept for the insati-
able stars?
And the snow swirls and beats
Cold and swift and low,
Freezing the half-forgotten tears upon my face.
I would I had wept then and gone uncomforted
That I might find strong arms and a gentle voice
now.*

DONNA O. MUNROE.

ON THE DEATH OF HER HUSBAND

*You will know by now that Hugh
Is no longer with us.*

*We were so busy doing
Everything that we could—
His death was like a sudden death.
That night he asked me
If he would really get well.
I shed a few tears, and he patted my head.
I knew that would be enough
For the time being.*

*Friday we held a little Communion service,
The minister, two elders, and he and I.
Just two brief prayers,
And the bread
And the wine
We shared.*

*They called to me when I had stolen out,
To make a little lunch.
I put my left hand
Over his
And my right hand
On his forehead.*

He took a long, last breath.

*He always wanted to put oil heat in
To make it easy for me
In case
Something should happen.*

*But the spring is here
And the summer coming,
It is a more cheerful time
Of the year
Than autumn or winter
Would have been.*

JAMES H. DOW

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Eulogy to the New Yorker

By LORNE WALLACE

THE *New Yorker* is a magazine printed in N.Y. for N.Y.'ers, and only a limited number of copies are available in less civilized regions. That it should be discussed in *Vox* is perhaps questionable, but our editors are somewhat short of material. On second thought, if you read this I shall be very much surprised.

As to the general quality of the *New Yorker*—why, it is pretty fine (for an American magazine, of course). The cartoons are excellent, and there are satirical comments on *LIFE*, and some articles and short stories and reviews to satisfy the less healthy readers. Every other page or so, there are little drawings by the editor's seven-year-old, which lend a sophisticated atmosphere. And just about as much advertising as you can read is included in every issue. For those Winnipeggers who follow the national habit in berating their own lot, a calen-

dar of goings-on in New York (where night-clubs are open on Sunday) can be found each week.

Probably the best-known features of the *New Yorker* is the humorous article, and James Thurber is its leading exponent. His work has a delicacy of touch, a satirical shrewdness—well, anybody who saw the movie *The Secret Life of Walter Mitty*, starring Danny Kaye, knows what I mean. Indeed one critic has excitedly compared Thurber to Stephen Leacock. Hmm. However, since Mr. Thurber seems to write only under personal financial pressure, his place is usually filled by several shadows who are paid less per article.

Talk of the Town, a department whose middle-brow replicas are labelled *Pot-Pourri* or *In the Editors' Confidence*, contains observations upon current affairs, written in a style which is light-hearted and witty. Unless one happens to be greatly concerned about N.Y.'s heavy snowfall or the city's water shortage, however, it is apt to prove rather heavy going, and somewhat dry. The same criticism, that they are limited in appeal, can be applied to several of the regular columns, including sports by the talented John Lardner, who should know better.

Four of the *New Yorker's* feature reviews are well worth the price of the magazine, which, for you literally minded, is twenty-five cents. And probably the reviewers receive even more than that. Wolcott Gibbs, theatrical critic, though often flirting with downright flippancy, is customarily refreshing. Crowded by advertising into a couple of columns, John McCarten is frank and discerning in his criticism of films, and constitutes a welcome relief for anyone accustomed to Frank Morriss's effeminacy or Gilmour's brand of the aside. For CBC listeners to the Met and the Philharmonic, Winthrop Sargeant holds some interest, though one often receives the impression that New York is as musically barren as Winnipeg seems to have been in that dark pre-Symphony age. Various



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contributors pen the book reviews, with more or less pleasing results, depending, oddly enough, upon whether or not you have read the book.

What appear to be objective, and certainly clever, summaries are to be found in the *Letters* from various foreign and American points. Regular correspondents include one Genêt and Mollie Panter-Downes, who customarily haunt Paris and London, respectively. The *Reporters At Large* series turn this objectivity upon human interest stories, often with an innocent-appearing tendency to satirize that type. To anyone desirous of improving their conversations with references, say, to the recent James Joyce exhibition in Paris, these reports and letters are just the thing. In fact, I'm saving up that particular one to use on Prof. Hallstead.

For cartoons the *New Yorker* is unbeatable. Steinberg's naive style and Whitney Darrow's peculiar form of humor are sheer art. (At one time I considered movies and radio arts, too). And the reprints of bits from other publications, plus comment, is another *New Yorker* special which fails to pall, unlike its imitators.

A sweeping criticism of the short stories is of course the only possible kind, a fact which probably saves me from making an utter fool of myself. The stories are inconsistent in their quality, but usually provide sufficiently good reading. There, that's safe enough.

Finally, a word to anyone wishing to read the *New Yorker* despite. If you cannot afford to purchase one, drop by the Winnipeg Book Store any Friday afternoon and borrow Prof. Hallstead's copy, which he usually neglects picking up till Saturday.

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Fortune's Fool

HERBERT V. FRIESEN

"LOOK, Oswald, you know the rules. No one gets into the club without a rejection slip. Now run along and try a little harder. Maybe next time."

Oswald pushed back a dangling orange-colored hank of hair with resignation, and adjusted his bi-focals for one last attempt.

"Well, I—I'm sure my last story was good enough to me . . ."

"Run along, Ozzie," interrupted the cruel angel guarding the gates to Paradise.

Oswald turned and dropped out of the yard. With increasing distance from the club house, his stifled emotions slowly grew into frustrated anger. In fact a rather dirty personality bared itself as he approached the bus stop, elbowing aside worn-out old women and little children. Once aboard the bus, he strode the length of it like the Grim Reaper, leaving a harvest of bruised shins and indignant squeals of pain in his wake.

"I've tried as hard as any of them," he brooded. His face gradually turned a purplish hue as he recalled the short stories and novels he had submitted by the bale to the publisher, but which had all been returned in the next mail with such comments as 'Must be type-

written', 'Must be double-spaced' and 'Must have a plot'. Not once, however, had they the grace to send a formal rejection slip.

It was the rejection slip that actually bothered him, for without it he had no hope of joining the Unappreciated Writers' Group of 1950, whose sole qualification for acceptance was at least one rejection slip.

By the time he arrived at his home, his head was seething with wild thoughts, and he stared balefully at the bus conductor as he alighted from the bus.

"Oh Hello, Oswald," carolled his mother. "Come say hello to Mrs. Jones-Worthington."

"I think you're growing more every day, Oswald dear," said Mrs. Jones-Worthington sweetly. "And do you still write those cute stories?"

"Oswald's growing out of that stage now, Bess," replied the mother. "He criticizes books and plays and things. Why, just last week he wrote a tremendously good thing on Shakespeare, or was it *Hamlet* . . . oh yes, it was *Hamlet*. And it was so good. Tell Mrs. Jones-Worthington what you wrote, dear. You know, he seems to analyze everything so well. Of course I read *Hamlet* when I was going to school, but that was a long time ago . . . well, of course it wasn't really *that* long ago . . . but anyway I didn't notice half the things Oswald did. You know where that old . . . what's his name . . . that old Pnewmonious . . . no, what was his name, Oswald?"

"Polonius," grumped Oswald.

"Yes, Polonius, surprising how you forget those things, but then as I said before I've been out of school so long, no I didn't say that either . . . well anyway, you remember how Polonius met Hamlet in the hall and asked him what he was reading? If you haven't read *Hamlet* you won't remember, naturally, but nowadays everybody seems to have read *Hamlet*. But Polonius asks him what he is reading, and he says 'Words, words, words'. Well, Oswald just proved that Hamlet had a terrible affliction, he stammered, and he was really trying to say 'Wordsworth'. I told Bill about it, because



fathers are supposed to be so proud of their sons, but you know Bill; he just yawned and said Wordsworth hadn't been invented yet, but he's always that way."

"I think you're amazingly clever, Oswald, and I'm so . . ." began Bess Jones-Worthington.

"Yes, I always said so, and do you know who else I think is clever? None other than Hannah Tightnoose. Remember that old yellow skirt she had: well you'd never know it was the same. . . . Oh Oswald, get the mail will you? The mail-man's coming."

Oswald turned and glared belligerently in the direction of the door.

"Parcel for you," said the mail-man cheerfully. "Bet it's an airplane kit."

Oswald gave him a look of the most profound and concentrated disgust, but started forward when he was handed a long, flat parcel. He gulped quickly, grabbed the parcel and ran up the stairs to his room. He hastily fumbled at the seal, then ripped it open. The *Hamlet* article thudded to the floor, and a sheet of paper fluttered after it. Nervously clutching the letter, Oswald read: ". . . we would be pleased to accept your article for publication, providing you make the minor alterations in the second paragraph which we have previously outlined. Upon receipt of the revised article we will be happy to forward a cheque in the amount of \$750.00."

Something prevented Oswald from fainting dead away with delirious happiness. It took a moment or two before he realized what it was. He still didn't have that rejection slip, and without it he could never join the Unappreciated Writers' Group of 1950. For the next half hour Oswald fought a private battle, both sides well armed. Eventually the case for the club won out, for even 750 dollars would not buy the prestige such as would be attained by membership in the exclusive club. Oswald wrote a brief letter requesting a rejection slip.

Two long weeks dragged by, but eventually Oswald got his rejection slip. He raced with it to the club house. As he pounded on the door, he became aware of a sheet of paper tacked to the door frame. "This is to announce," he read, "that the Unappreciated Writers' Group of 1950 has now become the Associated Best Sellers of Tomorrow, by virtue of the combined efforts of the members of the club having pro-

duced a treatise on GARDEN PLANNING, and having the same accepted by the Rural Iowa Gazette."

This was almost more than Oswald could bear. In utter despair he left the club house and wandered aimlessly. He neither knew nor cared where he was going. The minutes went hurriedly by, grouped in sixties. Soon street lights snapped on and hung about like isolated eyes, dimly illuminating a poorer section. Yellow lights speckled the fronts of tall, grim apartment buildings. A garbage can standing sentinel beside a doorway awoke Oswald as he clattered unseemingly into it. Startled, Oswald looked at his watch. Nine-thirty!

Just then a whining voice floated out of an open window.

"But, mother, you can't make me do that!" Oswald heard.

"Yes, I can and I will. Throw every one of those vile comic books out of the window immediately. I'm not taking the chance of spending the next five years in jail for having crime comics in the house," retorted the irate mother.

"But I'll have to build up a whole new library," was the moaning reply.

For answer a sheaf of comic books were jet-propelled through the window, in the general direction of the garbage can.

"But mother, it's unjust. Listen to what Milton wrote in 'Areopagitica'. He's writing on licencing books in England and of the harm of doing it. Listen to this:

"... But of the harm that may result . . . first, is feared the infection may spread; but then all human learning and controversy in religious points must remove out of the world, yea, the Bible itself, for that oftentimes relates blasphemy not nicely, it describes the carnal sense of wicked man not unelegantly, it brings in holiest men passionately murmuring against Providence . . ."

"Enough of that!" interrupted the mother. "Anybody who writes long sentences like that should be in jail."

"A wise man, like a good refiner, can gather gold out of the drossiest volume, and a fool will be a fool with the best book . . . If we think to regulate printing, thereby to rectify manners, we must regulate all recreations and pastimes . . ."

"Stop! I won't hear any more. It's treason! Throw it out with the comic books." The mother was screaming now.

"Who shall regulate all the mixed conversations of our youth, male and female together, as is the fashion . . ."

The book of Milton's lofty language narrowly missed hitting Oswald's head as it came flying through the air. It did hit the garbage collector's head, as he pushed in beside Oswald to empty the can. Sundry curses lost themselves in the night.

"What's this, comic books?" queried the garbage man, who had no business being out at nine-thirty at night, and who obviously never heard of Milton. "Hmm, Dick Tracy, and Pruneface . . . hahaha, what a name. Looks good."

Oswald watched him pick up the book, jump on the wagon and begin reading. The horse turned inquisitive eyes on his driver to see why they weren't continuing on their route. The driver was too intent on Dick Tracy to notice. Oswald watched the happy grin on his face turn to one of speculation, then to seriousness. A cruel line formed about his mouth. Fiercely he stood up in the wagon and whipped the horse into action. Stung by this unaccustomed vigor, the horse clipped smartly down the road.

With a writer's keen insight, Oswald knew that the drama he had seen enacted before his eyes would rapidly develop into a story, a sure seller. He leaped forward and attached himself crablike to the tail-board of the wagon.

From this point onward Oswald was subjected to a tornado of evil events and excitement, such as would ensure the success of the story.

The garbage collector first stopped at his home, set fire to the house, and left the screams issuing forth from the upper story windows to the attention of his neighbours. His mother-in-law's was the next port of call. He buried her alive. Then he drowned two waitresses whom he had always rather liked, in a silex coffee urn. He pulled out a floorboard in the City Hall so that the whole antiquated structure fell down, killing all the aldermen, who were gambling late in the basement. Then he drove madly along the river bank, the wagon creaking dangerously, and Oswald's position at the rear

growing more precarious every minute. When he came to a hole in the dyke holding back the river, he did not put his thumb in the hole to save the town from flooding, as they do in Holland, but deliberately stood by watching the hole grow larger and larger. Finally the pregnant river broke the dyke and swept into the town. The garbage man's red eyes then turned on Oswald's orange hair, and for a moment they clashed. Then Oswald turned on his heel and swam for home.

He was breathless but not afraid when he opened the door. He sat down at his typewriter and typed ferociously. By next morning the story, titled "The Case Against Crime Comics", was written and in the mail.

Two days later the door bell jangled. Oswald rushed to the door hopefully. A stern-looking individual with a black suit stood before him. "Your name Oswald Hooksetter?"

"Yes, yes," Oswald could hardly contain himself.

"I'm from the Federal Government. Department of the Interior. Work as a censor. Come on. You know too much. You've seen too much. I'm taking you away before all the chicks in this neighbourhood are dead ducks."

He snapped two fingers imperiously, as only a government man can do, and a squad of strong arm men appeared. Oswald was hustled away in a long red car.

They drove for miles and miles. They ripped through the outskirts of the town, leaving it rising nakedly against the horizon in their rear. In the suburban district, they stopped before a long rambling structure, well fenced and well guarded. Oswald was forcibly projected through the front door.

"Look after this man for me," said the Department of the Interior curtly, but nevertheless regally.

After a few formalities, Oswald was led down a long corridor. He was halted before a strongly barred door.

"What's this on the door?" blurted the guard in surprise. "Wasn't there before, I'll swear. Hmm . . . Listen to this: "For having exposed the hitherto concealed truth about GARDEN PLANNING, and thanks to the ungrateful offices of the Rural Iowa Gazette, and the censorship division of the Department of the Interior, we are once again the Unappreciated

Writers' Group of 1950. Acceptance by invitation from the Institution Officials only." . . . What nonsense! What will these loons do next? Thank heaven I'm normal. Oh well . . . get inside there, Mr. Hooksetter."

Stepping into the small cell, where all heroes of the modern short story eventually find them-

selves, Oswald's eyes opened wide in surprise and disbelief. Then he smiled. He began laughing hysterically. All about him, under the watchful eyes of the guards, sat the members of the club furiously working at their typewriters. Oswald was no longer the uninvited. He felt he had come home. At last he belonged.



A True Appreciation of Murder

SHIRLEY M. IRVIN

"Really! I haven't read such an interesting story in the papers for a long time!" Laying down the paper she looked over at her husband.

"Oh? More interesting than the one you read two minutes ago?" he inquired, absorbed in the comics.

"Oh yes, indeed. It's all about that woman who was murdered last night. She must have had lots of money because she owned a great big house—where was it now?—oh yes, on Annabella St. Where is that? I've never heard of that street before?"

Ignoring her question, her husband asked one of his own.

"And did she run it too?"

"Run it?" she repeated puzzled. "Oh, you mean a boarding-house. Well, I don't know. It doesn't mention any boarders living there."

He didn't mean a boarding-house, but he let it pass.

"It says here," she continued, "that her mother is a French Countess living in Montreal. Imagine that!"

"I thought France was a Republic," muttered her husband still trying to concentrate on Dagwood. "I'll bet Montreal would be surprised to find a countess in its midst."

"Oh, she really is one. Her name is Countess von Gruff; see—here is her picture." She held the paper to him and he was curious enough by this time to take it.

"That name isn't French—in fact, it isn't anything, but it sure suits her, doesn't it? She's certainly a tough-looking old bozo; I'll bet if she ever smiled her face would crack."

"You're horrible!" she scolded as she snatched back the paper to see if he was right. "Don't you believe anything you read?"

"Just what Al Capp says," he replied. Suddenly he inquired, "you're certainly interested in this dame all of a sudden; even more than in Rita Hayworth or Ingrid Bergman. How come?"

"Oh, did I tell you," she said excitedly, "that I heard last Sunday evening that Ingrid Bergman is going to have a baby?" And she chortled gleefully.

"Why must you listen to gossips all the time?" he demanded angrily.

"Oh, this was no gossip," she hastened to assure him, "this was . . ."

"I don't care who it was. If you hear these things you don't have to spread them around. It's probably not true anyway, so go back to your murder mystery."

The next night she was at it again. As soon as the paper arrived, she opened it up and read and re-read the latest on the murder until she could repeat it all word for word.

"I wonder where her husband is?" she asked her own husband as they ate dinner.

He groaned, but answered her by asking, "How do you know she's got one?"

"Well, her name is Mrs., so she must have one somewhere, mustn't she? Unless he's dead—I never thought of that." She was too perplexed for words; this idea spoiled all her fancies.

"Just because she calls herself—or did call herself—Mrs., doesn't mean she's married," her husband tried to tell her. "She probably found

it easier to go down to Woolworth's and buy a ring and say she's a widow, than to explain to any nosy neighbours why she's not married. I admit it sounds stupid, but maybe she didn't want to admit she hadn't been able to get a man." He leaned back to gloat over the desirability of the male.

His wife addressed him with one of her few really intelligent remarks. "There are lots of women who would be much better off if they weren't married."

"Well," he said in an attempt to close the subject, "since this woman is dead, it doesn't

really matter whether she is married or not."

"You're wrong, dear," said his wife gently but firmly, "it might be her husband who murdered her."

"By the way, how did she die?" he felt that he might as well hear all about it. He would anyway, so he decided to be nice about it. "Indigestion?"

"Of course not, silly. She was stabbed to death three times."

"Really?" He was determined to enjoy this. "What does the countess think of it all? Is she glad to be rid of her dear daughter or is she busily weeping buckets for the gentlemen of the press?"

"You must hear what she has to say about it." She hurried to get the valuable paper. "Here it is here. Listen."

"I'm all ears."

"She says: 'I am deeply upset to hear of the tragic death of my dear daughter. I have no idea who did it. My daughter had no enemies that I know of, but whoever the horrible person was, he or she is definitely my sworn enemy.' The paper says she sobbed brokenheartedly all the time she was talking. Gosh, the poor lady!"

"Baloney! They probably haven't spoken or written to one another in twenty years. The old lady, I'll bet, sent one of her henchmen from her gypsy tearoom out to bump off the daughter. Respectable people, you know, are the only ones who die of old age."

"Don't be so cynical! You have no sympathy for those less fortunate than yourself; all you do is make fun of them."

"I suppose you are trying to tell me that you are sympathizing with these people in their misery? All you're doing is gloating over the gory details and the fact that the old lady calls herself a countess. If this woman had died of starvation or cancer or something like that and her mother was a farmer's wife, it would be ten times as pathetic, but you wouldn't even read about it much less ooze with all this false sympathy. Don't you dare say one word of this stupid business to me again or I'll divorce you."

He stomped out of the room, his dinner unfinished, while his poor wife thought to herself. "He just doesn't understand me. Oh well, I wonder if the other paper has any more about it. I think I'll go down to the drug store and buy one."

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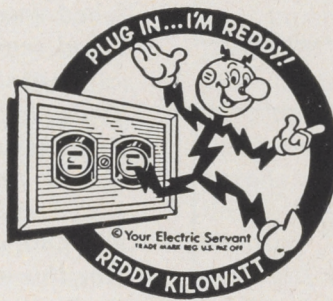
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ET AL

*A warm wind fanned through the maple woods,
A very warm wind.
And the heat of it came against me
And I turned cold;
For there was something in the wind
Something that chilled,
Something to be feared.*

*It was not death;
I had smelled death before.
I had seen death and heard death and written
of it.*

*Truly, I knew death.
And this strange wind was not of it,
Nor of any part of it.
And surely it was not hate —
For hate does not bring fear
Nor this empty dread.
And we stood there together
And the wind blew,
And I was afraid.*

*I looked at my hands
And I felt of my face;
And they were not my hands, nor were the out-
lines of my face familiar,
And we stood there!
Two of us in a world that was swinging swiftly
towards forgotten ages.
The trees lost their clearness,
The path swirled and convulsed,
And where there had been silence there came
noise,
And more — louder and louder and louder —
Until my brain swam
And my mouth felt hot and dry
And my sight smothered in that silent intangible
clamour.*

*Then I looked up through the kaleidoscope of
swirling mists,
And for an instant your face was clear,
Very clear, and intent,
And laughing a bit.
Then I saw that you did not feel the wind,
That the mist and the fear and the swift shadows
were mine alone.*

*And I could feel you laugh.
And I was ashamed.*

DONNA O. MUNROE.

Competition or Co-operation

By GUSTAAF A. DE COCQ

A FUNDAMENTAL and noxious paradox pervades our thought and action today: if we try to beat our fellow man to the draw, if we compete with him, think ourselves superior to him, if we push him away from the high place which we have chosen for ourselves, then we are branded bad, asocial, selfish and beastly; if, on the other hand, we co-operate with him, give him as fair a deal as we would give ourselves, help him along to the same height to which we ourselves want to attain, we are thought of as soft, lethargic, having no initiative, and not very fit for our present-day society. But either we compete, or we co-operate. Therefore, we are either branded asocial and selfish, or lethargic and without initiative. In the following exposition I propose to attack this fundamental dilemma by showing that the first alternative is true, but that the second alternative is a false proposition.

We are faced today with the above stated dilemma in practically all our institutions, and every individual, from childhood to death, is permeated with its inherent confusion. Why do we teach our children at one time to love their parents, friends and fellow-men, that is, to help them where, when and as much as they can; whereas, a moment later, we urge them to beat their fellow-men to the draw, to be first, foremost, and outstanding above their comrades? (This teaching may even occur simultaneously, if we were, for instance, to reward the best essay on co-operation.) It would have the same effect, as encouraging our children to help their plates over the first hurdle and to push them off the next one.

Can the outcome be very far from utter confusion in the minds of these children as to what does constitute their course of action? We have even been able to extend this dilemma into the field of the arts. The arts, which should promote better understanding between men, has become one more battlefield in the general warfare of competition. Our great Winnipeg *competitive* musical festival has joined the ranks of confusing influences upon the human individual. What about all these seconds, thirds,

fourths, and fifths, who become disappointed, yes, even frustrated, when they do not reach what some more capable child did accomplish. They may first come back with renewed vigour to "beat them" this time; but their ambition may taper off, the pleasure they once may have possessed of *their own*, will slowly disappear. How do we expect to make healthy, inwardly-adjusted, mature human beings out of them, if we persist in showing and teaching them these paradoxes: Music is beautiful, music is battle; do we have to fight with other people to find beauty? I should say that we were far enough removed from the medieval tourneys.

What is sown in childhood bears beautiful fruits in maturity. Our adult population lives, thinks and acts in these terms. At one time we help our neighbour because he is sick, the next day we cheat him out of an opportunity for a better job because it fits our own purpose. Why do we actually bother to help the man when he is sick; we might be far better off if the man dies. But that goes against our morals. Apparently, we have lost all sense in our apprehension of morality. In other words, the confusion, instilled in our childhood, has been very effective: the poison has worked with unerring acuteness.

If we transfer our thoughts now from the individual to the social realm, we will observe exactly the same phenomena. The irony involved, if we would see the manager of a large corporation attend a wounded colleague of a competing firm, is almost overbearing. But I presume that such cases occur. Why, the man would rather see his colleague safe and buried. (The feeling is probably mutual.) And we really do not have to take such extreme cases: our whole economic system is such an example. It is just recently that through the enormous effort of the economic council of the United Nations, steps in *the right direction* have been taken. But even so, the paradox still exists, especially in the economic dealings involved in the Marshall Plan: The U.S.A., on the one hand, stretches out the helping hand to dying Europe with loans, while, on the other, it raises its tariff

barriers so that Europe can not bring any exports into the U.S.A. Why the helping hand, may I ask?

The political field shows exactly the same picture. It is true, we have risen from the warring tribes, through the fighting nations, to the battling blocs; but we are still competing. We help countries when they are in the depth of deprivation, when peoples are starving, when nations are yearning for freedom; but we help them only as long as it fits our own welfare, as long as it is to our own advantage. As soon as our own superiority is in danger, we will destroy those we helped. There will not be a true spirit of co-operation, as long as the Dutch consider themselves superior to the Indonesians, or the Union of South Africa to the natives, or as long as Russia or America regard themselves as the chosen people.

Still more pronounced, and still more deeply penetrating into the constitution of human nature, is this confusion of morality in the religious field. Indeed, we abstain today from those rigorous methods of conversion by the sword—although even in the 20th century we are prone to express our feeling of superiority in violent ways: The Moslems and the Hindus in India; the Christians and the Jews in Germany. But even if we do not “crusade,” there is still a continuous friction in the world due to the feeling in any one of the major religions that they are the chosen ones. Why do we proclaim all men to be equal, and exclude in the same breath all those who do not belong to our specific denomination? How do we account for Love and Justice, if we maintain simultaneously that only our specific sect or faith is true, and all other sects and faiths wrong, if not sinful? Have we ever tried to establish a real inter-faith council, not just one composed of Christians and Jews?

In consideration of all the above mentioned fields in which this paradox occurs, we must ask ourselves where this idea originated. We know that there is an inner compelling force influencing us in our co-operative actions. Is there such a principle operating in competition, though? It is an inherent factor in human nature, in all nature, men will reply. Fie on them! The fact that the lower kingdoms—the vegetable and the animal—abide completely by

strife and competition is absolutely no reason that this should hold true for the human kingdom too. For we are but eager to stress the point that we are different from these kingdoms, since we possess a rational faculty. Let us use this rational faculty then, let us be consistent, and not draw analogies where it is most suitable for us—where it aids us to excuse our beastly habits. Another fallacious argument that is commonly applied reads: the co-operative system in economics has never worked. Apart from the fact that it has worked quite successfully on a small scale, it seems quite natural that it should not work in the large field where the competitive spirit is still prevailing and has, by its very nature, not given the co-operative system a fair chance.

The competitive system is based on the fact that we need incentive for individual and social progress—incentives which lie outside of ourselves. Do we have to depend, however, on external stimuli—reward and punishment—for our actions? Our actions, apart from those purely personal, habitual actions like eating, sleeping and walking, we may accept as moral actions. Our great teacher Kant emphatically states that our moral actions are based on inner compulsion—the moral law, and that we “must not seek for any other motives (for instance that of interest) that might enable us to dispense with the motive of the law itself, because that would produce more hypocrisy, without consistency.”* There is no reason in the world then why we should not assume inner-responsibility in all our actions. There are enough stimuli within each person to make him realize his own capacities to the fullest extent. If properly developed, a person does not need someone else’s capacity as a standard for himself. It is, of course, much easier to depend on achieving actualization of one’s capacities. In such incentives, as reward and punishment, in deed, it is much harder to *educate* a person in such a way that he will become aware of his abilities, limitations, possibilities, and special gifts without any outward driving force. But the fact that it is more difficult—especially for us, so deeply rooted in our traditions, conventions and habits—does not hold any guaranty of its invalidity.

It seems as though we have made a dangerous split in the consideration of our actions, just

*Kant: Critique of Practical Reason—Chapter III.

as we have made a distinction in crimes. In the latter we distinguish between open and so-called white collar criminality. The same holds true for our sense of morality. As a matter of fact the two may even be called identical. In all our competitive actions we just stay short of committing open murder or theft. In many cases the borderline is very vague indeed. The most monstrous example of this is our stock exchange, where mass-robbery is exercised every day. (It may be fortunate that the ex-cants mostly rob each other.) One is not allowed to go out and push one's enemy against the wall, and gradually whip and beat him to death. One is allowed, however, to go out and push a man economically or otherwise against the wall, and, by hideous but circumspect ways, whip and beat him out of business, out of a job, or out of his particular convictions.

The first alternative of our initial dilemma has been shown to be very true indeed, and we have also had some glimpses of the falsity of the second. Let us consider now more positively what co-operative action encompasses. In the religious field, we can no longer uphold the claim that the individual is the Be-all and the End-all of the world, striving towards his own goal, his own personal salvation, and simultaneously proclaim to be imbued with the teaching of social consciousness, of striving towards a common goal for all, a salvation of the whole. Only when we consider that personal salvation is no longer feasible, let alone possible, without the salvation of all mankind, only then do we have a base to start from. It is no longer a question of who can push hardest, or who can compete most successfully; it is now a question of who is willing to co-operate, and who is able to collaborate best with the whole of mankind. Love alone is no longer sufficient, we have to extend this concept to Justice, social Justice.

In the political field it is no longer a question of whether one country can successfully compete with another. It seems as though we have seen about as much as our sick hearts can stand; we may not be able to survive another exhibition. Co-operation must be achieved whether through the United Nations or some other World Order, and to that end the individual nations will have to give up a great deal of

their sovereignty. "Let not a man glory in that he loves his country, but rather in that he loves his kind."

In the realm of economics we have to find solutions for such gnawing problems as poverty and famine. We cannot simply tell the people to take a stand and enter the field of competition themselves, for the obvious reason that we would not let them, as wholly in agreement with the first principle of our "ethics." It is true that the competitive system has achieved a great deal in the establishment of good industries. But that in itself is no proof that a co-operative system could not do the same. It is even more true, however, that in the distribution of goods and services, the competitive system has not worked with dazzling success. Such processes as the elimination of products by destruction, because one "could not possibly give things away," are deplorable and surely immoral acts.

Turning to the position of the individual, co-operation and equalization certainly does not mean that all men shall be made identical. Not at all! For, though everyone on this earth is born equal *qua* man, each one will still have his particular designation, each will still possess his specific capacity. One man may possess the capacity of a thimble, another that of a cup, and a third that of a bucket. In the competitive theory, however, the factor which has been emphasized is not the capacity of Jones himself, but the capacity of Jones in relation to that of Smith or Winters. How great Jones' own capacity really is, is of little importance: "There is your example," it is said, "get your teeth in it and accomplish it!" And if Jones is not driven to this maxim by the outside world, he will probably drive himself to it: "If Smith or Winters can accomplish it, so can I!" Whatever the cause, Jones did not choose his own capacity of a thimble, and Winters that of a bucket. The result will be that Jones will not achieve his goal; first, he will be disappointed, then frustrated, and usually terminating in confinement to one of the many institutions which flourish so wondrously well these days.

Our whole social structure and all our social standards, from childhood to old age, are based on this false idea: Jones is better than Smith, because Jones can do more; a lawyer is worth

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more than a bricklayer, a ditchdigger inferior to an engineer. On what basis has this distinction been made? Certainly, both professions are needed; the one maybe in greater numbers than the other; but is that a valid foundation for such a drastic distinction? *Qua* man, ditchdigger and engineer, lawyer and bricklayer, are of equal value. If the ditchdigger fills his measure of capacity and the lawyer fills his, then each has achieved his goal. The evaluation of both persons cannot be based on their respective goals, since they are of totally different order. The true basis for distinction must therefore be the degree of fulfilment of their respective capacities. Nobody is greater because of a greater capacity, but only because of a greater fulfilment of his own capacity.

Consequently, if every individual would begin with taking his own capacity as a standard, and would stop trying to fill someone else's bucket, we would have a lead from where we could educate our children with one confusion less. For then our children would not try perhaps in their later life to beat someone else to the draw, they would stop cheating their fellowmen out of a deal; then perhaps they will be able to see that co-operation can achieve the same ends, through much healthier means, then perhaps will such a deed of co-operation no longer be looked upon as soft, or lethargic, or as having no initiative. Then perhaps men will begin to realize that the teaching Love and Justice was really fundamental and necessary for the survival of society. Through this, and only through the application of this principle, especially in our educational structure, will we be able to destroy this terrible dilemma, existing when we help our friend over the first hurdle and push him off the next one.



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Harem to Mayhem

DON RODGERS

MEN are men, women women, and that's where all the trouble begins. The relations between them have occasioned more controversies than Daylight Saving Time or the proposed site. The most permanent relation, marriage, has caused the loudest uproar and that, my dears, is what we are going to learn something about today. The uproar, not the relation.

I met a professional vagabond once. A hairy, hoary, misogynist with definite views on the contribution of the gals to our culture. He propounded a theory which he called "Harem Psychology." Many years ago, way back when it didn't beggar you to celebrate the birth of Christ, women were chattels. Rich merchants, caliphs, and other notables were wont to gather collections of the more pulchritudinous flesh to adorn their seraglios, entertain, and wave fans when it was very hot. When the master became tired of any particular one she was liable to be foisted off on a lesser dignity which was the top step on the ladder down to a cold water flat, the soldier's quarters, or worse. Now this type of superannuation didn't appeal to the girls and some of them got to thinking, which always means grief for someone.

They reasoned that there must be some valid cause for the favorites being favorites. That cause, they found, was that the masters liked them. To avoid rejection slips then, they had simply to study what the masters liked and disliked, cultivating the one and avoiding the other. Having plenty of time on their hands and idle hands being the devil's playthings, they did this, the results being manifold and amazing. They stained their lips and cheeks with various juices to bring out a more flattering natural colour. They clipped and dyed the eyebrows and lashes beyond recognition and they coiled and snarled their hair into wondrous shapes. They practiced mincing and undulating means of ambulation, provocative gestures and inane mouthings. Most important of all, they

studied their prey. They learned to anticipate their owner's every mood, thought, and inclination.

There were still those who fell by the way-side but they did not forget the knowledge they had acquired in the "big time". It trickled down from strata to strata until even the soft-voiced daughters of the gates were vying in scent, sound, strut, and hue. In time the bolder of the free women experimented and some knowledge of the arts became universal. But it didn't stop here, my informant asserts. It was handed down from mother to daughter until it became part of that awesome, intangible, "feminine intuition". He told me to just sit at any soda fountain and watch them. A blooming young thing is wasting time over a coke, all eyes and innocence. A young, unsuspecting lad sits at the counter opposite. She thinks he's "cute". Their eyes meet and with a fast blush she gazes quickly at the counter top. Calculated minutes later their eyes meet again, a quick, soft smile flits across her lips and she once more studies the counter. Sweet innocuous thing, she means no harm. She just came in for a coke. But he is smitten and "Harem Psychology" is the insidious instigator. You haven't a chance, boy, haven't a chance. But that is only one side.

A plain and forthright spinster once glittered her sharp eyes at me and decried the monstrosities that called themselves men. She was astonished that the world had progressed as far as it had with such imperfect creatures at the helm. They were not to be trusted with the simplest of tasks and in affairs of the heart, especially, were totally incapable of acting sanely. They consistently pursue the more worthless members of her sex. Many a decent, God-fearing girl, one who loves children, cooking and housekeeping, has had to watch them frittering after women who were little better than jades whilst they, wet eyed, grew grey. It is a sorry thing. Perhaps the vagabond had the solution.

An indignant student once sneeringly informed me that love was simply a matter of econom-



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ics. Women want security above anything else, he believed, and would sacrifice everything to it. Put two guys side by side. One of them is a "jerk" but he's got a convertible and six suits. The other has plenty "on the ball". He's got culture and education but holes in his soles and a crumpled suit. What'll a woman do? She'll take the "jerk" every time. Furthermore, all they wanted was a good time. They'd run through a guy's money as fast as they were able and he, personally, wasn't taking any of them out, anywhere, anytime.

A delightful young thing once leaned towards me and huskily avowed that she had dedicated herself to a career. She considered marriage outmoded, ivy on the ruin of tradition, I mean really. The woman of today was the equal of the male and — arched eyebrow — perhaps the superior. The single woman could add immeasurably to our cultural heritage. One of the current movies was based on just that theme. She hadn't seen it yet and would so like to. She was free that night and might go—shy smile—if she could find someone intelligent to go with her. And most men were so stodgy and uninspiring. She was glad she was sworn to celibacy. Of course life would go on, for there were plenty of girls with no "feeling" to go around. I understood those things, I mean really.

It would seem from all this that there are a lot of kinks, dents, and leaks in the piping which feeds the domestic fountain of perpetual sweets. Up to this time the pressure has been maintained by "feminine intuition". The male has simply lunged about the garden until he found a fountain whose landscaping and design was most conducive to the quenching of his thirst. Things have always been tough for the girls, but nowadays the shoe is on both feet and the boys are finding jungles where rosebuds used to be.

Somewhere on this continent the wages are very high. The producers there have raised their prices in accordance and the situation is reasonably stable. Unfortunately their producers also advertise in our neck of the woods. The result is a big, big conflict. Our young working man is taunted with the luxuries obtainable by their young working men who earn a third to a half more wages. Their automobiles, shirts, homes, radios and fixtures are displayed

on our billboards, in our movies, over our radios as examples of the necessities for gracious and acceptable living. Marriage looms many deposits away for many a lonely lad. And what of the would-be professional men? This glorious half century has certainly provided them with a long row to try to hoe in. They must spend an average of seven years of cultivation before they are ready for the marriage mart. There's a lot of manpower going to waste, girls. I don't know of any overall solution but I can cite a case which might offer a few clues.

A young man was attending University in this city by virtue of a nest egg he had accumulated from a year's work after High School and his summer earnings. He existed on a budget which covered his room and board and left a very little for clothing and recreation and nothing for the future. He lived in a slant-walled attic room with a radio that squeaked. He had a few albums of records waiting for a record player, and holes in his socks. Many a night, when he sat back from his table to roll a cigarette, he would gaze unseeing through the black of his window and feel lonely.

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A few houses up the same street there lived a fine young woman. She earned a slender living in a local office and shared her room with another girl who read Confession magazines and sneezed a lot. Our young woman owned a phonograph and read good books. She wanted to have a home of her own some day but was a little shy. Many a night she would rest her book on her lap, gaze unseeing through the black of her window and feel lonely. In the course of time she came to notice our young man and to sense the common bond of loneliness they shared. The dormant techniques acquired by the veiled dancer centuries before boiled into her consciousness, and the scene you witnessed at the soda fountain occurred. In time they came to know and admire each other and were soon sacrificed at the hymeneal altar. She still works and they've pooled their finances. Their fondest dreams are far from realized yet but they share a slant-walled attic suite in a modicum of conubial bliss. Some evenings they play his records on her record player or laugh together at the squeak in their radio. Most often he studies while she darns his socks or reads. Neither of them gazes unseeing through the black of their window.

There you have one couple who built a shelter from the storm of complexities in our modern world rather than wait for a calm aftermath that will never come. There are other factors in our modern age also, which become pitfalls on the course of true and stable love. One of these is the incongruous set of values which allots adulation and an enormous salary to a dyeing blonde ostensibly because her lower limbs are shapely. Likewise, a night club comedian is supported in luxury in return for spew-

ing obscenities. The shame of it is that charitable organizations must beg on the streets where only a fraction of the moneys needed to attack, heal, and correct, the mess that man has made of man. This really has little to do with the present subject but I just had to get it in somewhere. A matter that is closely aligned, however, is the ever-popular, romantic fallacy—the glamorization of love and marriage.

I, personally, think it is over-rated as a blind to true love. I met a mascara-laden miss one day who was soaked in romantic myths and Hollywood lore. The deepest book she had ever read was a twenty-five cent novel called "The Pit". It portrayed a callous wanton in her struggles to win the love of a narcotic-loving paranoid who never did turn out any good. She considered it either "colossal" or "stupendous". She knew facts concerning the love life of movie folk that I'd blush to have my dog know about myself. She considered love to be a blinding passion that lifted one on pink clouds to float in dreams along the milky way. Marriage was, to her, the union of two souls in a blast of light, with background music at all times. She posed continually and was rather homely.

She likened our meeting to the ball at Charleston in "Gone With the Wind". I reminded her of either Bob Hope, Michael O'Shea, or Rudolph Valentino. I implied that she put me in mind of Hedy Lamarr and not long after we were married. I have never regretted it. You see, she is an only daughter, her daddy owns approximately half a continent, and I used to have holes in my shoes. Do you suppose the Amazons kept harems?

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"History is for Half-Wits" *

An Essay by PROFESSOR L.S.M.F.T. QUEENBEE.

MY readers, I may perhaps be permitted to suppose, will be well enough acquainted with my work to know that I have never been entirely satisfied with the interpretation of history arrived at by my contemporaries. It is not that I disagree with them as far as they have gone—not at all. It is just that they *do not go far enough*. Their questions do not really penetrate. For instance, historians have long asked "Why did the Romans go to Britain during the first century B.C.?" I would ask instead "Why did *anyone ever* go to Britain *at all*?"

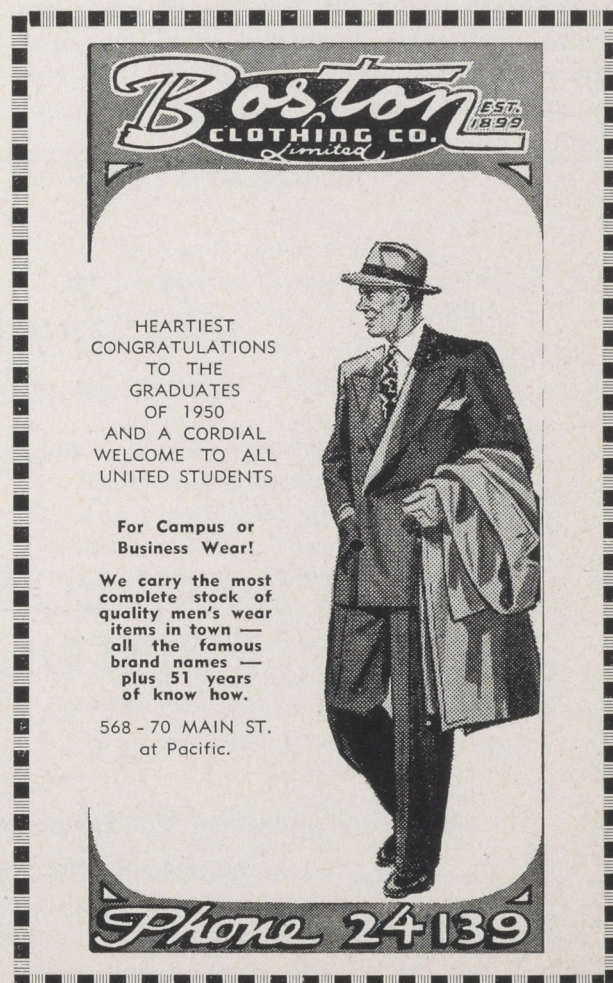
My life has been devoted, therefore, to a search for a more fundamental, more human explanation of the great events of history. And now, in my 89th year, with trembling hand but with understandable pride, I am at last able to offer that explanation.

I have long been deeply interested in the fact that one of the boats used by Caesar to make his crossing from Gaul in 55 B.C. failed to arrive in Britain. Historians have generally overlooked this important fact and have therefore missed the key to much that happened later. It has been my contention that this boat, with a crew of thirteen men and one woman², a certain Eve Americus, missed their landmark on the Kentish coast and continued westward³ until it reached North America on or about July 4th, 54 B.C.

Until recently this theory rested largely on reasoned conjecture alone. Then, one evening in 1946, while seeking the museum in Scragginsville, Pa., by a fortunate mistake I entered instead the pool-room operated by a certain "Lean Years" McVeety. While making my explanations to Mr. McVeety I chanced to hear a player use the expression "hook". My host ex-

plained that the term is used in snooker when a player finds that in order to hit the ball he is trying to "sink" he must "hook" the "cue ball" around a third ball which is in between in order to avoid "making a scratch". However, it was immediately apparent to me that the expression "hook" must be derived from the Roman word "*hookus*"—a word that had become obsolete by the second century A.D., and could not, therefore, have been brought to America by Columbus or any later emigrants. The only logical explanation is that it was brought to this continent by the crew of the missing boat in 55 B.C.!

Then, early the following year a very important document was discovered during the



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* In the absence of extensive foot-notes I should like to acknowledge my indebtedness to J. Oliver Nohair, Professor of Botany at West Eagle Point School of Mines, B. E. Bop, Secretary of the Al Capp Research Division, and particularly to Dr. J. B. "Mike" Shannon, Superintendent of the Psychopathic Ward, the Morning Glow Memorial Hospital, Villeburgh, Pa.

¹ I am sure that anyone familiar with the English climate will agree that the likelihood of this question's being adequately answered is, to say the least, remote.

² The importance of this woman will shortly become apparent.

³ Dr. O'Reilly's Almanac suggests that winds were predominantly easterly all during the spring and summer of 55 B.C. and throughout the following year.

wrecking of an old school building in Thunder Peak, Vt., which gives telling support to my theory. This document, which is obviously very old, bears the inscription "*Each-er-tay is-ay an-ay inker-stay*" and baffled the efforts of historians for some time. However, I am now able to state that I have succeeded where others failed. I believe the script to be a corruption of an early Egyptian form, familiar to one of the Roman soldiers in the missing boat and preserved for us in this single document. I have translated it "Here are assembled thirteen Roman soldiers, one Roman woman and thirteen children."

This evidence establishes without doubt that the discovery of America occurred not in 1492, nor yet in 998, but actually in 55-54 B.C. The importance of this fact to subsequent history is obvious and overwhelming. The decline and fall of Rome, which has occupied historians since Gibbon, is explained—America, even then attracting Men of Distinction, drew the noble life blood from the old Empire and made her demise inevitable. Similarly, the Dark Ages were dark in Europe because all the light was

shining in America—this suggesting a long American cultural development which alone accounts for the high artistic standards currently being attained in Hollywood.

The Renaissance originated not in re-acquaintance with ancient Greece but because contact was re-established with America by Lief the Lucky and other intrepid¹ Norwegian sailors. The historic appearance of the long bow at Crecy in 1346 presents no problem when my theory is accepted—it was, of course, a copy of the great weapon of the North American Indians. Smallpox was not carried to the Indians by explorers as is commonly supposed, but the Black Plague, on the contrary, was carried to Europe from America where its origin accounts for the extinction of this great Roman-American Empire begun by the missing boat in 55-54 B.C.

What's that, nurse—no! not back to my cell—I haven't finished yet —.

¹ The adjective is used on the advice of Professor T. J. Oleson.

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Stephen Leacock

By KEN MURPHY

THE rescuing of the works of certain writers from near oblivion or from solidified attitudes regarding them has become something of a recognized necessity. T. S. Eliot's part in the re-evaluation of the metaphysical poetry of the seventeenth century—the breaking of the crust of opinion moulded by Samuel Johnson—is a case in point. Analogies in the history of music suggest themselves. One thinks of the revival of Bach by Mendelssohn, or currently, of a readjustment in attitude to Verdi's "operas," which have possibly been denied their rightful share of esteem in face of the innovations of the more imposing "Music Dramas" of his great contemporary.

The case of our own Stephen Leacock presents a paradox. For unlike these others, whose essential characteristic had not been recognized, and had suffered, at least temporarily, because of it, Leacock, who is equally misunderstood, has enjoyed a tremendous popularity, second to no Canadian writer.

The reason for this is evident. Leacock is best known for a certain type of humorous essay, or even for certain specific essays, which are "characteristic" only in a limited sense. Such innocent if brilliant items as "My Financial Career" and "Boarding House Geometry" are examples. As long as this type of essay is what is mainly read, the present attitude towards him will probably persist.

On the other hand familiarity with much of Leacock's work soon demands a revised opinion. Especially if read in order of composition a certain homogeneity is apparent so that it soon becomes possible to tell what the gist of an essay will be by the mere reading of the title. Because Leacock became increasingly didactic, the reader eventually finds himself reading for Leacock's opinions as much as, or more than, for his humour. And towards the end of his life (to which he continued writing), Leacock's opinions hardened as surely as did his articles. In a way, this makes for convenient analysis of his works as a whole, since his opinions as they stood at this time, as if frozen in ice and on display to the public, corroborate growing

suspensions on the reader's part as to Leacock's bent of mind from the beginning.

These ideas were mainly critical, so that if we regard Leacock's earlier work as previews of these hardened ideas presented humorously, we must regard Leacock, above all, as a satirist.

Not that this makes any claim to original interpretation. Leacock is generally so considered, but the usual attitude is to see him as the kindly observer objectively pointing out the little incongruities of life as he saw them, without malice, and with the greatest tact. This is hard to accept. Leacock was a snob who mercilessly paraded the poor victims of his attack around in front of us, pointing out and magnifying all their deficiencies, ridiculing them endlessly without restraint, and with a verbal facility for which he has few rivals.

Leacock ended up as a political reactionary, and while it was only in his later writings that he became pig-headedly so:

*"I know a very tiresome Man
Who keeps on saying, "Social Plan."
At every Dinner, every Talk
No matter where, — this Awful Man
Brings on his goddam Social Plan.*

*... simpler Men begin to find
His croaking aggravates their mind,
And makes them anxious to avoid
All mention of the unemployed,
And leads them even to abhor
The People called Deserving Poor.
For me, my sympathies now pass
To the poor Plutocratic Class.
The crowd that now appeals to me
Is what he calls the Bourgeoisie.*

*So I have got a Social Plan
To take him by the Neck
And lock him in a Luggage van
And tie on it a check,
Marked MOSCOW Via TURKESTAN,
Now, how's that for a Social Plan?*

his tendency in this direction is discernible much earlier. This is the only reason we have for not simply considering such effusions as those of a cranky old man. After having caught a glimpse of Leacock's social ideas from the little book quoted ("Hellements of Hickinom-ics"), and perhaps having read his avowed convictions on the near ridiculousness of social equality in "The Unsolved Riddle for Social Justice" how can "The Great Election" or "The Candidacy of Mr. Smith" be read any other way than as satires on the institution of total franchise?

Everybody in Mariposa is either a Liberal or a Conservative or else is both. Some of the people are or have been Liberals or Conservatives all their lives and are called dyed-in-the-wool Grits or old-time Tories and things of that sort. These people get from long training such a swift penetrating insight into national issues that they can decide the most complicated question in four seconds: in fact, just as soon as they grab the city papers out of the morning mail, they know the whole solution of any problem you can put to them.

"What do you think about imperial defence?" asked another questioner.

"Which," said Mr. Smith.

"Imperial defence."

"Of what?"

"Of everything."

"Who says it?" asked Mr. Smith.

"Everybody is talking of it."

"What do the Conservative boys at Ottaway think about it?" answered Mr. Smith.

"They're all for it."

"Well, I'm fer it too," said Mr. Smith.

This is only one illustration. Leacock has similarly attacked high school teachers (as the symbol of mediocrity — "Mr. Dreery, the English Literature teacher") the educational system in general, and provincially, to mention only a few more. No doubt all these deserve attack, but none the destructive ridicule he hurls at them.

This destructiveness itself is a basis for criticism in Leacock's satire. The satirist automatically wishes upon himself the responsibility of replacing those values he destroys with new values; otherwise he has no excuse for his existence, quâ-satirist. A satirist must not be a

mere nihilist. Yet Leacock repeatedly verges on being just that. For example, in education he ridicules both the dilletante — like Mallory Tompkins who read Ibsen, and "who was so intellectual that he was, as he himself admitted, a complete eggnostic." — and the mere academic grind — the professor whose life's triumph is the delivering of an address of "Diphthongs in Chaucer" to the Philological Society. Yet Leacock offers little explanation as to a happy medium.

This can be explained only in one way. Leacock was of such a turn of mind that he found delight in criticizing for the sake of criticizing, and he did so without compunction. This lack of compunction may be rationalized from his own expression of the nature of social obligations:

"An acquired indifference to the ills of others is the price at which we live. A certain dole of sympathy, a casual mite of personal relief is the mere drop that any one of us can cast into the vast ocean of human misery. Beyond that we must harden ourselves lest we too perish."

Professor John D. Robins, in a radio talk on Stephen Leacock said that "there is an ugly kind of superiority in all but the highest reaches of humour." If this be true then Leacock's work cannot be included in the highest reaches. Leacock's genius for the humorous presentation of almost anything he touched has obviously been so great that the motives behind the work have been blurred, and the nature of the perpetrator lost sight of.

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The Romantic and Gothic Novels

By DON PLUMMER

IT is not altogether surprising to the student of eighteenth century literature to find emerging from the culture of rationalism, a body of prose in which the sentimental, the exotic and the supernatural play a dominant role. Such is the way with literature, nay even with civilization; a trend will arise, flourish for a few years, a few decades or even a few centuries, and then slowly disappear in the same inexplicable manner in which it had begun. Even as a movement is at its brightest flowering, the seeds of the next movement are being fertilized; seeds that will mean new growth, new flowering and inevitably a final decay. In any period of literature the conventional modes of expression begin after a time to wear thin and a reaction sets in which itself may later become a trend.

The eighteenth century, commonly called the "Age of Reason," witnessed one of these reactions in its prose fiction. Literature has become too rational, too fastidiously refined for the tastes of the rising middle classes. The drama had declined into "machine-made comedies and ranting melodramas." Consequently there was an ever increasing demand for works more imaginative, works that would remove the reading public from its staid and sticky environment of commercialism and rationalism. At this time literacy was at a new high, guaranteeing the novelist a ready market for his work. For these and probably other reasons, novels became extremely popular.

This thirst for novels is well illustrated by the immediate and widespread popularity of the work of Samuel Richardson. Richardson was born in Devon in 1689, the son of a joiner. He moved to London at an early age, where he received a simple education, and, following that, was apprenticed to a printer. Diligent in his work, he was rewarded by winning the hand of his employer's daughter and succeeding to the business—a success story that was to influence all his work. An untiring letter writer, Richardson was asked by two friends to compose a small volume, *Familiar Letters*, which was to be modelled on this form of writing and

illustrative of "how to think justly and prudently on the common concerns of human life." Richardson told maid-servants how to negotiate proposals of marriage, apprentices how to apply for situations and even sons how to beg their father's forgiveness. This task taught Richardson that he had at his fingertips a new medium for self-expression. Two or three of the letters were to be written "to instruct handsome girls who are obliged to go out to service," as he phrased it, "how to avoid the snares that might be laid against their virtue." This edifying theme became the core of his novel *Pamela*, where it was enlarged and given the narrative form.

Having set out to write a series of letters, Richardson adheres to this form in *Pamela*. The narrative is disclosed in the heroine's autobiographical letters to her parents and friends. Stripped of all extraneous materials *Pamela* becomes the story of a young servant girl who resists the attempts of the son of her mistress to seduce her and is rewarded by his proposal of marriage. This she gleefully accepts. Around this simple plot Richardson knits a loose structure of middle class morality and helpful advice on worldly matters. His heroine is the epitome of middle class virtue and is surrounded by villains who are the absolute negations of virtue of any kind. His characters' inner virtues or vices are proclaimed by exteriors which mark them unmistakably. As an example, note the following account of Mrs. Jurks, one of the less noble characters in the novel:

"Now I will give you a picture of this wretch: She is a broad, squat, pousy, fat thing, quite ugly, if anything human can be so called, about forty years old. She has a huge hand and an arm as thick as any waist, I believe. Her nose is fat and crooked, and her brows grow down over her eyes; a dead, spiteful, grey, goggling eye to be sure she has. And her face is flat and broad; and as to colour, looks like as if it had been pickled a month in salt-petre. I daresay she drinkss—she has a hoarse man-like voice, and is as thick as she is long; and yet looks so deadly

strong, that I am afraid she would dash me to pieces in an instant if I was to vex her. So that with a heart more ugly than her face, she frightens me sadly; and I am undone to be sure if God does not protect me; for she is very very wicked—indeed she is.”

Pamela; or Virtue Rewarded, (or *Heaven Will Protect the Working Girl*), consisting of 173 letters in all, was published in 1740. It met with such wide popularity that Richardson immediately began, in true Hollywood fashion, a tiresome sequel, *Pamela in High Life*. This novel continued the story of Pamela following her marriage. The husband she had won by the expenditure of so much diligence and virtue, falls into evil courses and Pamela redeems him a second time.

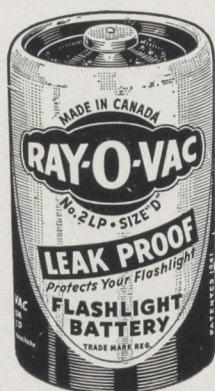
Richardson's novels, if properly so called, had lasting effects on subsequent fiction. Critics seem to be agreed that by his concern with the little things in life, Richardson gave us the novel of personality, as contrasted with the novel of incident, which probably originated with Defoe. One critic has said “Criticism has often been too content to mock at the stories without recognizing the great master who con-

trols their slow and deliberate unravelling.” One thing is certain, Richardson had touched upon a theme which was very close to the hearts of the English middle class. Richardson's natural verbosity makes the novel very tedious at times, but as another critic has said: “. . . with *Pamela*, verbosity became a virtue.”

A new departure in romantic fiction appeared with the publication in 1762 of Horace Walpole's *Castle of Otranto*. It is the best example of what has been called the “Gothic” novel, or the “terror tale.” Walpole knew a great deal of the world which his more famous father, Sir Robert Walpole, had dominated for so long, and disillusioned by the intrigue and search for power, he indulged in antiquarianism—not an uncommon practise in this period. An example of his love for the medieval was his mansion, Strawberry Hill, which was built on the Gothic style and furnished most lavishly with antiques.

The *Castle of Otranto* is romantic to the core. Manfred, the prince of Otranto, matched with an aged wife, loses his only male heir when a gigantic helmet crashed from the upper chambers of the castle, killing his son. This leaves the heir-minded Manfred in a perplexing situa-

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tion; he must search out some heir-conditioned mate through whom he can perpetuate himself, or face the extinction of his line. He decides to divorce his wife in favour of his late son's bride-to-be, a girl of unimpeachable virtue. This melodramatic beginning is followed by even more violent melodrama. Complication is piled upon complication until a peasant lad, who has hitherto had nothing to offer but "blood, sweat and tears" turns out to be the lawful owner of the property and title which Manfred had for so long usurped. In the denouement everything works out according to the best principles of "poetic" justice; the dispossessed hero is reinstated, marries the heroine and the tyrant-usurper is appropriately punished.

Walpole is untroubled with reality, he allows his imagination full sway. The supernatural is used freely and with little discretion. It includes, besides the giant in the upper chambers of the castle, such bizarre devices as portraits that sigh and step out of their frames at will, ghosts—too commonplace to mention—and a black marble statue whose high blood pressure gauges villainy in the same manner a thermometer gauges heat. As one critic aptly described this novel, "it is as if all the poetry and character were removed from Shakespeare's *Macbeth* only to leave the raw mechanism of the melodrama and the supernatural."

Walpole was followed by a host of imitators, most of them following his outline rather closely. Of these perhaps Mrs. Ann Radcliffe is the most flagrant offender. Her novels, all curiously alike, enjoyed considerable popularity for a brief period, and then sank into oblivion along with their almost unknown authoress. In *Romance of the Forest* the story is built typically about a heroine of gentle and sensitive nature, in whose background is a deep and, it turns out, almost irrelevant mystery. Disowned by her cruel foster-father, she casts her lot with the family of Pierre de la Motte, a sinister fellow who vacillates from good to evil courses throughout the remainder of the novel. The family and the heroine Adeline flee from La Motte's creditors and for want of better accommodation find refuge in an ancient deserted abbey in the heart of a beautiful forest—almost as if it had been planned. The abbey's resounding corridors, secret passages and long-silent rooms furnish ample material for frightening

the sensitive heroine. Late at night she sits reading a time-worn manuscript written by some poor unfortunate—her own father, incidentally—who has been imprisoned and done to death in this ancient edifice. New characters are introduced, and relevant or otherwise, with each one an endless narration of all his life previous to his meeting with the heroine. Adeline is subjected to increasing terrors, partly real and partly imagined; she is constantly threatened with death "or worse," as Mrs. Radcliffe puts it. However, her virtue carries her through all perils, in the end she marries the hero, virtue is rewarded, vice punished and the happy couple live on to a carefree old age.

It would be difficult to find a better example of the romantic heroine than Adeline. Her emotional life is troubled and melancholy but her outward poise always reflects the best of breeding. She sketches, paints, plays the lute, embroiders, sings and walks—but not beyond the limits of an interestingly fragile constitution. In her most exalted moments she writes poetry, her pedestrian muse visiting her in moments of quietness, infrequent though they are. Here is Adeline in one of her lofty moods:

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*"Dear, wild illusions of creative-mind!
Whose varying hues arise to Fancy's art,
And by her magic force are swift combined
In forms that please and scenes that touch
the heart;*

*O! whether at her voice ye soft assume
The pensive grace of sorrow drooping low;
Or rise sublime on terror's lofty plume,
And shake the soul with wildly thrilling woe;
Or, sweetly bright, your grayer tints ye
spread,*

*Bid scenes of pleasure steal upon my view,
Love wave his purple pinions o'er my head,
And wake the tender thought to passion true
O! Still—ye shadowy forms! Attend my
lonely hours,*

*Still chase my real cares with your illusive
powers!"*

Another quotation from the novel may give the reader a very imperfect idea of this demigoddess Mrs. Radcliffe has created:

"The observations and general behaviour of Adeline already bespoke a good understanding and an amiable heart, but she had yet more—she had genius. She was now on her nineteenth year; her figure of the middling size and turned to the most exquisite proportion; her hair was dark auburn, her eyes blue, and whether they sparkled with intelligence or melted with tenderness, they were equally attractive. Her form had the airy lightness of a nymph, and when she smiled, her countenance might have been drawn for the younger sister of Hebe. The captivations of her beauty were heightened by the grace and simplicity of her manners and confirmed by the intrinsic value of a heart

*That might be shrined in crystal
And have all its movements scanned."*

This incarnation of virtue trips through the pages of *Romance of the Forest*, displaying her virtues like so many flags, and enduring the hardships of a dozen Christian martyrs with resigned stoicism. As Shakespeare would say "... she sat like Patience on a monument, smiling at grief."

Although there is a certain perverse enjoyment and an antiquarian interest in this novel, it is almost unbearably tedious. Unlike Walpole,

Mrs. Radcliffe does not use the supernatural in her attempts to terrify the reader. Time after time she endeavours to build up a feeling of mystery, of the supernatural and of impending disaster and then explains it away by natural causes. After one or two of these deflations the credulity of the reader is at so low an ebb that the result is unspeakable boredom.

What can one say in general of these three early novels? First of all, it was inevitable that in the formative years of the novel, some writers would indulge in certain aspects excessively. All three writers mentioned here suffer from a lack of rules and tradition. All show energy and vigor that may be characteristic of a new art form. With the advantage of two centuries of refinement behind us, it is natural that the first few faltering steps should look immature. Simple in structure and stereotyped in character portrayal though they may be, they are no worse than much of the "entertainment" which we, in the modern generation, are forced to endure. Their real aim was this: to provide entertainment for the growing leisure of the middle classes.

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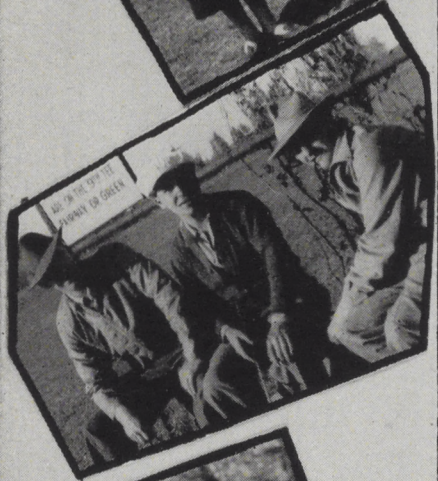
Through the trained mind and the awakened spirit

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+ + +

Reading right to left:

"!!!"

"When ya get to the ten-yard line . . ."

Ah, sweet, sweet spring.

Oh, you kid!

We're graduating . . . we hope.

Wonder who he is?

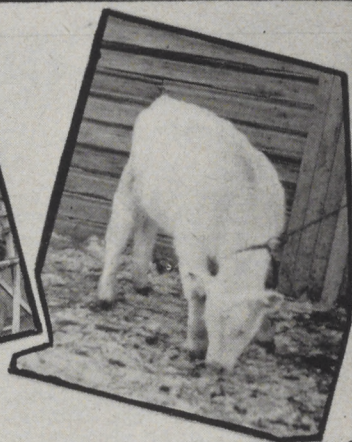
The Razor's Edge.

Everything stops for tee.

Turncoats.

+ + +





+ + +

Reading from bottom to top:

Mmm-Mmm!

Seven No Trump!

Knitting up the ravelled sleeve of care.

Solving the W.E. Co. problem.

Getting ready to move in.

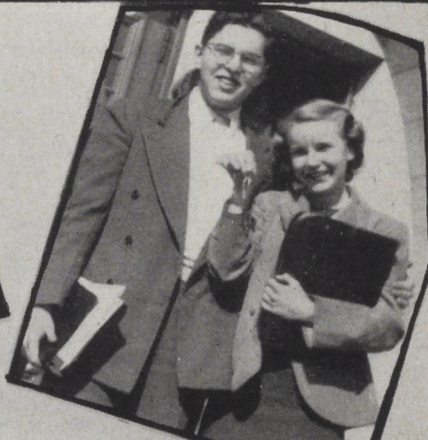
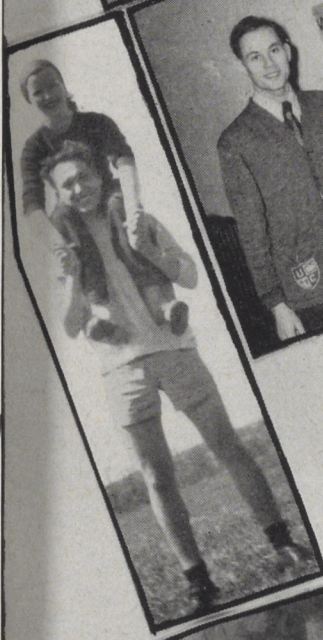
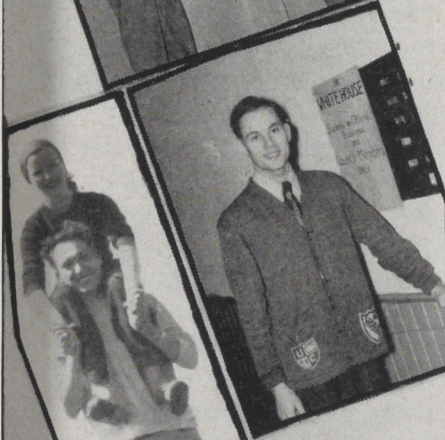
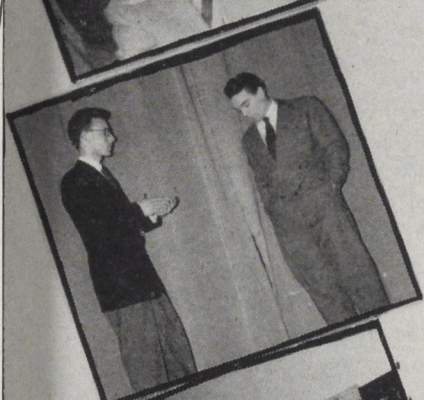
Author! Author!

Shirt sale?

Absorbing Vit. D.

Oh, I'm a Freshie.

+ + +



Commencement Address

RALPH MAYBANK, M.P.

One of the outstanding events of the college term is the annual Commencement exercises with the presentation of scholarships and prizes. Among those presenting awards was Dean Argue of the University, who retires this year, and whom the students greeted with a standing ovation. The guest speaker of the evening was Mr. Ralph Maybank, M.P., who addressed the students on The Pursuit of Happiness. Though restrictions of space forbid the presentation of the complete address here, we are much indebted to Mr. Maybank for his permission to reprint the following portions of the Commencement address:

I WISH to speak to you about the Pursuit of Happiness. It is the occupation of practically every person. To aim at happiness is not selfish. True happiness and selfishness are not compatible. Some selfish people think for short periods they are happy: but generally the truth dawns on them.

The people who set up the United States thought pursuit of happiness was a concept of prime importance. They thought it was equal in importance to life itself, and to liberty itself. Patrick Henry who cried, "Give me liberty or give me death," equated life and liberty. His signature to the declaration placed "pursuit of happiness" on the same level. The revolting Americans said they were willing to shed their blood and willing to give their lives for the three rights of life, and of liberty, and of the right to pursue happiness. They made good their words, and they died in great numbers on scores of battlefields. Men will not die in battle for a mean cause; and a selfish cause, of course, is a mean one. At times it may be that a few will surrender their lives in defence of some end that is purely selfish in its nature; but vast numbers of men will not do so. The mere fact that such great numbers did die to achieve the right to pursue happiness should negative any thought that pursuit of happiness necessarily connotes selfishness.

So far as we are concerned the struggle for these rights is over. Here in Canada our lives are safe: that is, they are as safe as law can make them. There is no danger to our liberty except such danger as we may present to it,

ourselves, by our own acts. I suppose the best proof is that sometimes people among us ask us to barter our liberties away for some bauble; and sometimes it would look as if a few are willing to do so. Life and liberty give us the right to pursue happiness. With the two we can fail of achievement of the other. We can throw it away from foolishness, ignorance, laziness or many other causes. Clearly, it is worthwhile to consider some of the ways to fail and some of the ways to succeed in the "pursuit."

The only sort of contribution to the subject I can make is of an entirely practical kind. I am not capable of speaking to you in philosophical abstractions. I would say that I can only express certain ideas which I have as the result of experience. All persons of perception agree that a fool's advice has value; and I have made enough mistakes in life to be able to assure you that you are receiving a fool's advice. I have made and paid for mistakes. On the other hand, there have been times, when, both in thought and action, mine has not been a mistaken course. In such cases I have garnered a rich reward. So I have had experience both ways; and so I say that while I lay no claim to much knowledge in an abstract way about happiness, and how to secure it, I do feel very sure about such things as I may assert that I know.

I should like at the outset to get the relationship between you and me straight and clear. I do not come here as an evangelist urging or pleading with you to do something or not to do something. I would rather have you think that I am stating what appear to me to be facts, as a result of such thinking as I have been able to do, and of such experience as I have had. It is my recollection that in the dismal science of economics what we call a "law" is not a law at all; but is rather a statement of consequences flowing from acts; if certain things are done, certain other things will come about. It is in that manner or in that spirit that I am speaking to you tonight.

You have entered upon the greatest enterprise of your lives.

Self-education and development transcends anything else. For whatever you will attempt, in the near or distant future, depends for success on the results of today's work. This is a mere trite observation. It is as thought to say that a house rests upon its foundation.

And your business is self-education, you know. Professors are only guides.

Now of two things, one is certain. You will get the most out of today's opportunity; or you will not. You will educate and develop that person who is under your particular charge, yourself, to the point that you can truthfully say that the ultimate in benefits out of this opportunity has been obtained, or you will have to say, as Lord Clive said when charged with having improperly acquired some jewels of the Indian potentate, that, considering your opportunities, you were moderate in your take. For any deficiency you will never cease to pay during the rest of your lives. All through your lives and thousands of times in your lives you will find that things cannot be done by you because of failure to have embraced the opportunities of today. Always you will live to a greater or less degree in a world of "it might have been." I fancy there is no greater unhappiness for the average man or woman than to exist in that world of regret.

On the other hand, if one can truly say that he or she has grasped and kept the most possible from his or her educational opportunities, then though such an individual may never have reached what we call "top place," his or her life will be lived without regret. At any rate, this particular regret will not tear at him. Living without regret is undoubtedly the first essential for happiness.

Incidentally, "being at the top," or "reaching the top," relative to one's fellows is not such a tremendously important thing. People who set too great store on pre-eminence over others, are in danger of trying to push others down in order to be above them. We have talked a great deal of nonsense and we have taught a great deal of nonsense about "there always being room at the top." The teaching, of course, has a materialistic base. In that sense it just isn't true. There isn't lots of room at the top, and not everybody can get there.

Our teaching and our training should be that happiness is probably not to be found that way

at all; but that it is to be found so far as mental development is concerned, in the clear realization that we have developed our talents to the ultimate; that the story of the buried talent has no application to us. If one can look back on life and say that none of his potentialities have been left lying dormant, that every possibility of development became a fact of life for him, one of the most essential ingredients of happiness will be his.

I do not know of any writing or speaking which has influenced me more than John Ruskin's lecture "Sesame"; and I hold with Ruskin that education should not be simply to fit one to fill such and such a position in life, or to acquire such and such an income. I am not decrying income. I know only too well that there is no charm in poverty. I only say with Ruskin that education is a good thing in itself and not merely a means of making more money. It adds to one's power of enjoyment of life. Every blacksmith, and every boilermaker, and every clerk, and every person of any occupation, would be the better for it, if he had a good basic and liberal university education.

When you get through University you won't be better than, or superior to, other people. You will be superior to what you might have been if you hadn't had the education. That is all. And that is a great deal. It is enough.

We hear remarks about the "ideals of youth." Sometimes people speak as if the youth period was both the beginning of ideals and also the end of them. This is the formative period and the development period; and one of the greatest benefits of the university life is the chance it offers for the burgeoning and blooming of ideals which can mean so much to the whole world. But it is wrong to conclude that ideals are likely to wither shortly after the close of this youth period; and ideals should not be developed in the apprehension that they will not live.

I have been endeavouring to maintain to you that personality development and mental development might be said to be the first step in the pursuit of happiness. The development of, and the holding to, the so-called ideals of youth is the second step; or it is the second point I would make to you. I am not putting these in order of importance but the two are tied together as necessities for happiness. As a matter

of fact atrophy of ideals when it occurs, is often an indirect result of failure, in part, to reach the maximum development of which a person is capable. The loss comes from frustration—frustration from an inability that need not have been.

When I mention ideals I suppose you know that I am talking about ideals of service to other people and to the world at large; and that I am talking about something where the idea of self is pretty well ruled. Well now, the formation, the retention, the acting upon ideals, is pretty well a *sine qua non* for happiness. Striving constantly, unremittingly, towards accomplishment of that for which the ideal stands, is a recipe for happiness that is practically impossible of failure. The loosening of one's self from the so-called ideals of youth is one of life's saddest experiences.

I have denied that high motives pass with the passage of youth and I have bid you nurture high thinking without fear of what future years will do. It seems to me it would be well to set the mind at rest on this point. You should be able to feel sure that you will not be singular, much less unique, if you retain and act upon these youth formed ideals all through your post-university life. You do not need to be fitting yourself for life now and preparing to face it with a present buoyant exuberance, and hope of worthwhile living, and yet having at the back of your mind a fear than a change to a lower level of spiritual living is almost inevitable for you.

The chance of youth's pure white flame becoming dim and cooling off is greatly exaggerated, I believe. I speak of life and of people as I find it, and as I find them. Everywhere about me I meet people who have substantially the same outlook on life, the same hopes and aspirations, and the same determination as they had when they were where you are now.

Evaluating one's own parents will yield some evidence of the truth of what I say. They really are not so bad, you know. Even the fact that they are interested in you tends to suggest they are not quite bereft of what we call the finer feelings. They may be ignorant; and you may wonder how they got along as well as they did, but they probably still look to the stars; they still burn with celestial fire.

Looking backward, very few of the prophets of old were teen-agers as far as I have been able to discover. All of them were at least middle-aged. In both ancient and modern history you see a long succession of men and women who had kept, and who had lived by, and for, the ideals of their youth, but they were not youths.

You know, as a matter of fact, we have come a long way in progress, in true progress, through the activities of both great persons and small persons who were driven and directed by a sense of the worthwhileness of life. We have progressed; and we progress. Only one who "looks at life through dirty spectacles" will deny this.

No further back than the days of Carlyle, children as young as 6 or 7 were toiling in coal mines: women on hands and knees were harnessed like beasts of burden pulling cars loaded with coal. Within the lifetime of the last generation workers, on the artisan level, did not enjoy as good food as relief rations issued in Winnipeg during the depression. The very idea of organizing everybody into a charity like the Red Feather campaign could only have been hailed as ridiculous in the days of Jane Austen. The conscience of people did not lead them to the construction of parks and playgrounds. Altruism had no general currency. The ignorance and sadism displayed in floating wizards and burning witches is gone. In law, at least, we have equality no matter what the race or religion; and last year 58 nations sat together to try to agree upon a universal Declaration of Human Rights.

We have at least come to the point now where one may quote, with the certainty of some acceptance, the famous statement of David Harum that "Most folks is just human as most other folks if not more so."

I fear if I continue in this strain I will seem complacent. I don't want to put the notion into your minds that by the time you have completed the greatest possible mental and moral development of yourselves you will be like Alexander with no worlds to conquer. The truth is that even in Canada there will be plenty of scope for service. Despite the fact that I am one of your Members of Parliament, despite the fact that government of Canada is by the party to which I belong, there will still, I fear, be

much need for the trained mind and warm heart.

Today there were 55,000 more mouths to feed than there were yesterday, without any proportionate increase in the world's food. Yesterday and the day before yesterday it was the same. Tomorrow there will be another 55,000.

There is dis-balance between the people of the world and the acres of the world. Vast numbers of people starve and vast areas of arable land are untilled in places distant from the starving people. This will not be solved by the time you are ready to put your talents to work.

Nations have worked together as I have indicated, but we are not making great strides each day in persuading all nations to be friendly with each other. And if you can figure out how to stop the nations from snarling at each other's heels, please hurry.

Of course, it is by no means simply on the national and international fields that the well-trained idealist is needed. There are hates in breasts of individuals, and intolerance to be met with on the street corner, and envy to be encountered as one mixes with his fellows, and these, of course, are only a few of the evils that beset us in a small way and have their effect in the larger field.

Yes, there will be much service for you and the need is so great as to be a terrible challenge. But it is you I have in mind as I speak of it. For remember I am urging a life of service under the title "Pursuit of Happiness." I am talking about your happiness. Perhaps it might be urged on other grounds but my simple proposition is that in the pursuit of happiness it is necessary that you be satisfied, that you be

content, that you have made the most of your opportunities in the way of self-development and that you don't get weaned away from the dynamic drive of your ideals as supreme motive for your actions.

There is another essential I should mention. It should not be put last except for reasons of convenience in speaking. In importance it has first place.

Belief in God and conformity to His purposes is the most important consideration for successful living. Non-belief and non-conformity

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are responsible for more unhappiness than any other single reason.

I am quite sure of my ground when I say this. I told you some time back that a fool was well qualified to advise and I flirted with sophomoric doubt and fooled around with the ephemeral pleasures of cynicism too long; so I know the difference between weakness from that foolishness and strength growing out of a more positive approach to life.

I have been reading lately a little book called "Abundant Living." It is by Stanley Jones. Dealing with unbelief he writes this way: "For how could this universe come by chance into a cosmic orderliness, that stretches from the molecule to the outermost star, and controls everything between; and how could this orderliness just happen to stay by chance, through millions of years. Universal chaos by chance, giving birth to universal order! How long do you think it would take for you to throw up a font of type into the air and have it come down, by chance, into a poem of Browning?"

Now I make no claim for any particular religious doctrine. I do not know what miracle stories should be accepted as factual and true. Recalling Shakespeare's time-worn phrase, "There is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we will," I content myself with two propositions or, one proposition in two parts: "There is a power which, for want of a more acceptable term, we call 'God'; and, direct communication between Him and a person is impossible."

This is enough; and if it is accepted; and if the contact with Divinity is made, and maintained, an understanding of life results; a strength results; success in the pursuit of happiness is certain. That belief and those contacts make everything else in life, relatively speaking, of no importance whatever. Certainly other things are of no importance if they are not in consonance with that way of life. Belief in God, and living in contact or in communion with

Him, will indeed yield the joys of what Stanley Jones calls Abundant Living. That certainly is happiness.

I do not think the statements I have made can be proven by deductive reasoning. The fallacy of unbelief can perhaps be established in that way, but the truth of my statement can only be established by demonstration. Moreover, it cannot be established by demonstration of one person to another person. The demonstration can only be by one's self, to himself. If, however, you are interested in the pursuit of happiness, if you wish greatly to succeed in the pursuit you can for yourself demonstrate the truth of what I have said. As for me I am absolutely certain of the truth of all this, and, in that certainty I commend it to you. And that is my last word.

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United College Dramatic Society

By BARRY McCORQUODALE

EACH year at United, the general student body takes part in Stunt Night, a first term frolic, and Theatre Night, a more serious attempt in the dramatic field.

However, these two evenings of actual production add up to a small percentage of the total effort over the whole year.

The Drama Society is a drama group which seeks to cater to the needs of the students. Back of actual production, the society feels the need of students to lose self-consciousness, gain poise, improve speech and develop personality in the "full round."

These assets to a balanced life are gained by doing ground work in drama in all phases. Due to circumstances existing, the stage crew is faced with the problem of converting Convocation Hall into a theatre. No small task, but one which involves engineering problems, intricacies of lighting and methods of suspension for scenery which are, we think, unique in the history of the theatre.

Weeks ahead of production, costumes and publicity representatives are wracking their respective brains — the former with the problem of matching colors on stage, costume colors with backdrops, etc., — the latter with casting about to discover new methods of advertising the production (this to a poster conscious community).

The business manager is as usual concerned with turning out a respectable program, printing tickets, estimating crowds and costs, anticipating checking and ushering needs and about five hundred thousand other small but essential details.

When the fact is revealed that, in so far as properties, costumes and scenery are concerned,

we have absolutely nothing of our own, one is able to see a small portion of the difficulties involved. It's hard to believe that Theatre at United is run on a Fifty dollar annual budget, yet shows a yearly profit.

No mention has been made of the plays, themselves, produced this year. Place against the above backdrop of activity three student directors occupied with such details as casting, rehearsal times which do not conflict with student's classes, other extra-curricular activities, stage presentation of the play and actual training of the less experienced members of the cast.

This year a play reading group was to be established to teach fundamentals of theatre and to initiate the interested into theatre. While providing satisfactory training, it was hoped that this would dispel the illusion that to be in drama required an Academy Award along with High School Matriculation.

The United College Dramatic Society is open to all those interested in any phase of stagecraft, play writing, acting, instruction in theatrical make-up and other pertinent fields.

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Debating: The Voice of 49-50

KEITH CLIFFORD

AN attempt was made this year to revive interest in debating. It had played a rather insignificant part in the student's program of activities until now, and was fast becoming completely shelved.

The first objective set by the debating society was to create a sustained enthusiasm, to replace the former half-hearted and spasmodic interest. Whereas, previously a student considered himself lucky if he participated in two or three debates a year, the society endeavored this year to shorten the intervals and establish a regularity of activity.

A second objective was to provide the students with a systematic training and a directed practise in all aspects of debating. Lack of training in pre-college years was felt to be the cause of much hesitation in joining the debating

society. To remedy this, the basic techniques of debating were taught, and an opportunity made for their application. It was felt that once on the affirmative side and once on the negative side, or perhaps once on both, was insufficient to give the student a real insight into the fundamentals.

With these two objectives well accomplished, the third objective is then well in hand, which is to provide a debating society for all interested students, regardless of their previous experience or ability.

Needless to say, this program of objectives has not arrived at perfection, but with continued enthusiasm of this nature, a solid foundation for another *real* student activity will have been established.



Fourth Year President Speaks

By JERRY ALEXANDER

ON returning to United in September I found myself, as President of Fourth Year, head over heels in preparation for a big event — Freshie Day. During the remainder of the college year I remained in this inverted position, as one activity after another followed in close succession. Freshie Week entailed much organizing and worry, but it had its brighter moments. Believe me, chillun, the chairmanship of the Freshie Queen Committee isn't hard to take! Recently being married I was considered a *safe* man for the job, which is more than can be said of the remainder of the committee, to mention no names (Cyril Beharry, Barry McCorquodale, Bill Norrie, Cy Whitaker).

The President's position is not all bubbly champagne, as the former implies. There is the gigantic task of taking over the presidency of the Men's Club. This consists largely of keeping clean the common rooms and halls. It proves

a frustrating job. It is the extremely pleasant function of the president to attend as many of United's dances as possible, and to assist in their organization. These include the Freshie Dance, the Snowflurries, the Grads' Farewell, and numerous coffee parties and tea dances.

In my capacity I shed many presidential hairs during the epic battles, more commonly known as meetings of the United College Students' Council, which take place in the hallowed Board Room. These savage encounters are not always bloodless, but they are a worthwhile experience, as here beats the heart of United College.

Taking all into consideration, my position as President of Fourth Year is a rewarding and honored one, for it has acquainted me with many more students than I would otherwise have known, and it has given me some insight into the functioning of United.

Athletics

By CARL RIDD

UNITED College has always maintained, throughout the glorious years of her reign as Manitoba's oldest educational institution, an outstanding record in the field of athletic activity. One need only glance briefly over the small silver discs on battered old mugs, the bronze plaques crowded together on ancient shields and trophies to read, time and again, "United College, Inter-fac Champions, 1945," or "Wesley College, Manitoba Champs, 1921," or—but the list is endless. For there they are, these little scraps of metal, which speak with unmatched eloquence of the athletic reputation of United College, and which makes the Red and White banner of old United a standard to be reckoned with.

Perennial victors in the annual fall track-and-field meet, United College once again romped off with a victory on Oct. 7, 1949, at Sargent Park. The men topped their division, with a 17-point majority over the runners-up. The women were not so fortunate, and lost out to Home Ec by a mere five points, thus surrendering the trophy they had wrested from that faculty in 1948.

Inter-house softball held sway in the early weeks of the term, and, although the schedule could not be completed due to the onset of cold weather, Theology and Fourth Year each boasted of being the superior team in the league, probably with better claim to the title than that of any of the other Years.

Inter-fac six-man football next claimed the spotlight, and United ended up in second place behind Science in this division.

Tennis and golf brought no particular honours to United—the tennis schedule was not even completed, and no winner was declared; but in golf, a United man gained a place among the eight finalists, only to be narrowly defeated on the next round.

The U.C. Senior soccer team lost a heart-breaking decision to Medicine in the University soccer final, after winning out in their own division.

Curling and bowling are under way at this writing, although no definite winners have thus far been declared.

Resplendent in snappy new uniforms, the United College Intermediate basketball team is currently in second spot in the City League, and seems definitely assured of a spot in the Senior B playoffs. Our Inter-fac squads are making out well, although a championship is not too likely, since some of our best players are ineligible for Inter-fac competition, engaged as they are in City League play. The women's Inter-fac team, however, seems quite strong, and should be well up in the standings.

Hockey is just in the offing now, and we are assured of a powerful club. The women, too, are preparing for action on this front, and have commenced practices, to lead up to their annual challenge series with Home Economics.

Volleyball has not yet begun; the swimming gala is to be held next month. These activities round out a full schedule of athletic events in which United College, as a faculty, is represented. However, in sports where, for various reasons, there may be no Inter-fac competition—such as rifle, fencing, skiing—United College students are actively engaged. Similarly, teams representing the University of Manitoba in Inter-Varsity or inter-provincial competitions may point proudly to a full quota of United College students.

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Social Committee, United College

By Cy. WHITAKER

THE Social Committee opened the College year, 1949-50, with "Freshie Week." A Queen Selection Committee was set up under the President of Fourth Year, Jerry Alexander, ably assisted by the Senior and Lady Sticks, plus UMSU Rep. Cyril Beharry and Jo. Riley from Co-Ed Council and hindered by the Social Chairman, Cy. "I Like That Big Blonde" Whitaker. Joyce Robertson was nominated Queen and was taken under the tutelage of Jo. Riley and Barry McCorquodale (we had to put Jo. with them to keep an eye on Barry). A rating scale was set up, based entirely on appearance.

Pep Rally, chaired by the Social Chairman, introduced the members of Council to the freshie body and a dance was held afterwards, attended by all returning students and frosh.

The Freshie Reception was held at the Marlborough Hotel and a short program of yells, cheers, etc., plus some entertainment (?) enlivened proceedings. Dancing commenced in the Blue Room, to Wally Hutchinson's Orchestra, and a buffet lunch was served at 11 p.m. (Never be a Social Chairman; you miss the ice cream. Ask Cy.)

The float was under the construction direction of Carl Ridd and Bud Harper and a truck was procured from Piggott Truck and Tractor Co. Ltd. This was directed over to Broadway, complete with float (a canoe, as the City Fathers were trying to send United up to the Creek, was the predominant theme), and was duly followed by over 200 yelling freshies. We didn't win a prize but we enjoyed ourselves and the new song:

*"It's a long way to Fort Garry,
It's a long way to go,
It's a long way to Fort Garry,
With lots and lots of snow;
Goodbye, Fort Garry,
Farewell, Science Square,
It's a long way to Fort Garry,
But we're not going there!"*

(With apologies to "Tipperary").

After Freshie Week things settled down a bit and we waited until December 2nd for "Snow-flurries" and First Term Dance, which was held at the Marlborough and was well attended. Entertainment was given by a "Chorus Line" of boys and girls. The girls came on first, followed by the boys, who parodied them; then the two lines combined and brought the house down. Cy. Whitaker gave a running commentary over the P.A. system until someone (an engineer is darkly suspected) disconnected the system and he then resorted to hand signals.

Further entertainment was introduced in the person of Wendell Watson and his bride of one day, Jean. The orchestra, under the genial Wally Hutchinson, played the "Wedding March" and the happy but nonplussed couple were forced to come up on the band-stand and say a few words. For once Wendell couldn't even think of Re-Allocation. This latter is just an example of what a Social Convenor will do to amuse people, but everyone enjoyed it, even the participants.

The Second Term we had tea-dances to keep us occupied and were well supplied with canned music by Al Godfrey and music that some

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claimed should have been canned by the United All-Stars.

Dancing lessons, which had commenced near the end of the First Term, were enjoyed by large classes and continued to the end of March. Modern and South American dancing plus some square dancing was taught by Eva Hebbel and many accomplished dancers were turned out.

A Squirrel Hop was given in February, the proceeds going to the Music Committee to buy sheet music. Convocation Hall was tastefully decorated and a good crowd turned out to enjoy themselves.

A tea-dance was held on the day of Stick balloting and a large crowd came out to find Harvey Remped was the new Stick and Jo. Riley the new Lady Stick.

Finally March 2nd rolled around and the final event of the year, Grads' Farewell, was held at the Fort Garry with 150 graduating members and their friends in attendance at the banquet and dance. Wally Hutchinson gave the music, Godfrey gave the banquet and Cy. Whitaker gave out. The end had come and everyone was happy and a bit regretful that the end of a long grind was in sight at dear old United College.

A color dance was held on March 29th to give

all the deserving athletes their awards. This was arranged by Carl Ridd and Cy. Whitaker; Rae Harris was in charge of the dance and music was by Al. Godfrey. This was well attended, the prizes were a great attraction, and everyone had free eats at Tony's another attraction.

As Social Chairman for the College I wish to say thanks to all my Committee members who supported me so nobly in all our efforts to bring joy and gladness to the multitudes that swarm the halls of United College and I can only add that if you support the next Chairman, Marg. Sigvaldson, as you have supported me, then United College will go on being the supreme Faculty in the University.

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Macalaster—United Conference

By JOHN CRAIG

The following is the paper presented by John Craig at one of the plenary sessions of this year's United-Macalester Conference. We take pride in presenting it, knowing that it will be a valuable addition to the magazine.

MR. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen. The paper which I am about to read has for its subject matter three principal aspects of the North Atlantic Pact. First, comes the question "Is the Pact permissible under the United Nations' Charter?" Secondly, we are concerned with the position of non-signatory states under the operation of the Pact. Finally, and most important, we come to the question of the effect of the Pact upon United Nations and upon the outlook for world peace. You will find, I am afraid, that I have asked more questions than I have supplied answers for. Perhaps that is to be excused, however, since the Pact, itself, thus far remains one tremendous question mark. The three topics tend to overlap in places, but as nearly as possible I shall try to deal with them in the order suggested.

To begin with—"Is the Pact permissible under the United Nations' Charter?" The Pact does not, I think, violate the Charter in principle. It is based on a right which is recognized by the Charter provisions. However, the attempt to find justification for the Pact in the exact terms of the Charter raises certain real difficulties.

The most common argument used to support the permissibility of the Pact is that it comes under Article 51 of the United Nations' Charter. This article reads in part: "Nothing in the present Charter shall impair the inherent right of individual or collective self-defense if an armed attack occurs against a member of the United Nations." The precedent for Article 51 lies in the Act of Chapultepec of March, 1945. Part One of this Act states that "in case acts of aggression occur **or there may be reason to believe that an aggression is being prepared** by any other state against . . . an American State" the signatories will consult together for self-defense. Now, it is sometimes argued that the phrase in Article 51 "if an armed attack occurs" is concerned only with actions to be taken for self-defense after such an attack. It does not, in other words, justify defense alliances ar-

anged beforehand. A strong counter argument is possible, however, on two points. The first point is that the Act of Chapultepec, which was accepted as a precedent by everyone at San Francisco, did most clearly authorize prior discussion "when reason exists to believe an attack is being prepared." This obviously means prior arrangements. Secondly, if collective self-defense is legitimate, it must surely be legitimate to plan and organize it in advance. That I think is self-evident. There is, however, a more serious difficulty in the portion of Article 51 quoted above. I refer to the clause "If an armed attack occurs against a member of the United Nations." The question arises, what would be the legal status of the North Atlantic Pact nations should they be called upon to go to the aid of Italy or Portugal, which countries are members of the Pact but are not members of the United Nations Organization?

Under Article 53 of the United Nations' Charter member nations agree to go to the aid of each other if attacked by a former enemy country. In the event of a war between Italy and a U.N. member—as for instance, Czechoslovakia—North Atlantic Pact countries would therefore be pledged to aid both parties to the dispute. They would owe aid to Czechoslovakia through the United Nations' Charter, and they would be pledged to support Italy under the North Atlantic Pact. In both cases, however, support is only to be given to the victim of an attack and not to an aggressor. That seems to be a solution, and would be, except for the fact that it is always most difficult to determine which party is the aggressor in the outbreak of hostilities. It is easy enough to determine after hostilities cease—the loser then becomes the aggressor. But, at the moment when hostilities commence it is notoriously difficult.

Yet, if it is interpreted in a reasonably broad sense, I believe the North Atlantic Pact does fit rather awkwardly within the main clause of Article 51, or at least within the spirit of that clause. The qualifying provision of that Article, however, raises a more serious difficulty. This provision states that "measures taken by members in the enforcement of this

right of self-defense shall be immediately reported to the Security Council." The State Department's own interpretation of this provision in 1945 was: "No enforcement action may be taken under regional arrangements without specific authorization of the Security Council." Now, it would obviously be unrealistic for North Atlantic Pact members, as a self-defense organization, to disclose details of their military program to the Security Council, a body on which the potential aggressor sits. Therefore no specific authorization is apt to be forthcoming.

It has been pointed out by several authorities, notably by Prof. H. Kelsen, in the *American Journal of International Law* for October, 1948, that the right of collective self-defense was intended as a temporary measure until the police power of the Security Council, as provided for in Article 43 of the Charter, could be brought to bear. It was not, therefore, intended as a substitute of permanent or semi-permanent nature. The obvious fact is, of course, that the Security Council as yet has no such power. The United Nations assumed the possession of the police power as an essential condition of its securing and maintaining world peace. Since it does not so far have that power, the North Atlantic nations are perhaps not to be condemned for interpreting its provisions in a broad sense rather than throwing it over completely. There are two somewhat conflicting principles at work in the Western World today. One, I think, is a sincere reluctance to surrender the ideal and the promise of the United Nations. The other is acceptance of the fact that U.N. has failed in its major purpose, the establishment of world security, and that, in the absence of security, we are faced in Europe with a sort of comic strip repetition of Czechoslovakia. I believe that the North Atlantic Pact is an honest attempt at a compromise.

Russia, while perhaps being more diplomatic, has been no less broad in her interpretation in the building up of her Eastern bloc. I say more diplomatic in respect of the fact that her Alliance has been built up of a series of bi-lateral agreements and hence has been carried out more subtly than the multi-lateral North Atlantic Pact. This bloc was de facto a military, economic and political alliance before the creation of United Nations and has been extended from time to time. It has, of course, never been

subjected to scrutiny by the Security Council.

Now, let us look briefly at Articles 52, 53 and 54 of the Charter which are concerned with regional arrangements. It was generally agreed at San Francisco that regional arrangements, both economic and military, were not only permissible but essential to facilitate the settlement of local disputes. The Egyptian delegation at that time proposed a definition of such regional arrangements. That definition was defeated because it failed to define all possible arrangements, but it was regarded, and I quote from the *American Journal of International Law* for October, 1948: "As having clearly defined obvious legitimate and eligible factors for regional arrangements." The twelve nations of the North Atlantic Pact form a grouping which may be said to fit generally within a broad interpretation of that definition. It has been suggested, however, that the Pact includes not only the twelve actual signatories but through simultaneous connections in other arrangements, such as the Rio Pact and membership in the British Empire, must be extended to include such states as the South American countries, India and New Zealand. If that is so then the Pact scarcely constitutes a regional arrangement by any definition.

However, even if we accept the Pact as setting up a legitimate regional arrangement geographically, we find the same difficulty under Articles 52 to 54 that we have already noticed in Article 51. Here, too, the Security Council is given even more extensive scrutiny over defense activities. Someone, I believe it was Senator Vandenberg, defined the Pact as being designed to fit "inside the United Nations, but outside the veto." The phrase is very apt and it undoubtedly contains a large kernel of truth, but in the narrow legal sense with which we are now concerned it is contradictory. The Pact cannot exist within the United Nations' Charter and escape the scrutiny of the Security Council, which is what is meant here by the veto.

To conclude the first section of my discussion, then, the North Atlantic Pact cannot, I believe, find exact authorization in the United Nations' Charter; conversely I do not believe that it can be shown that the Pact is specifically prohibited under the terms of the Charter. In the final analysis the failure of the United Nations to

provide universal security makes any discussion of the permissibility of the Pact essentially an academic one. We must never forsake the ideal of United Nations. But, it must surely be unrealistic to defer seeking regional security only because the Charter, which has failed in its assigned task of providing universal security, does not specifically authorize such measures. What matters is not, I feel, the permissibility of the North Atlantic Pact in a narrow legal sense but rather its permissibility as to purpose by which it will be judged by posterity. It is a matter not of words but of ideas and the real question is how great a withdrawal the Pact constitutes away from the ideal of world unity as conceived in the United Nations.

To that question we shall turn shortly.

Our second topic is concerned with the position of non-signatory states under the operation of the Pact. The point to keep clear here is, I think, that the Pact is essentially a renunciation of world unity and a retreat towards something else which, in the final analysis, is a type of isolationism. With the enormous expense and danger involved it is not isolationism in the traditional sense—not the “splendid isolation-

ism” of nineteenth century Britain or the misguided North American isolationism of the 1930's. But it does set up very well defined limits. This nation is in the Pact; that nation is not. Weaker countries in the path of a potential aggressor have so far had to search in vain for reassurance in the security provisions of the United Nations' Charter—which thus far exist only on paper. Now that some of them have been left out of the North Atlantic alliance they not only fail to secure protection from it but will also feel that their hope of assistance under the Charter, unsatisfactory though it was, has been further diminished. The danger is, I think, that such countries may turn to the only remaining source of reassurance—that is, to the potential aggressor.

The U.S. has indicated its intention of continuing military aid to Turkey, Greece and Iran, and E.C.A. is, of course, to be continued. But all of this exists outside the Pact and does not, I think, remove the danger which is implicit in the very existence of limitations which tend to draw tighter the lines between East and West. This is a real danger and deserves, I think, further investigation.

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If the Pact is designed to fit specifically within the framework of the United Nations then such limitations, in one sense, seem scarcely logical. It is true that the Pact is often defined as a culmination of centuries of Western history and as based on a common heritage. But, if the common factor is history, how can we account for the exclusion of Spain? If it is heritage how, above all, can we omit Greece? Even from a geographic viewpoints it is difficult to show that the Atlantic Pact nations constitute any real family. That being so and the avowed aim of the Pact being peace, why are any limitations necessary at all? Mr. Hamilton Fish Armstrong has set out this argument in an article in the April issue of *Foreign Affairs*. He suggests as a substitute for a proscribed membership in the North Atlantic Pact, a protocol supplementary to the United Nations' Charter. This would be open to all United Nations members who would pledge themselves to carry out the ideal of United Nations "whether other members did so or not."

But, Mr. Armstrong goes on to suggest that in any collective defense arrangement it is better, and I quote, "to set up standards of conduct rather than standards of geography." Strangely, he does not seem to see the possibility that the North Atlantic Pact has in fact established a standard of conduct. If its standard is one of geography alone, then surely Spain, generally considered the second best air base in Europe, should be included. Surely geographically and strategically Tito's Yugoslavia should be included. Certainly the inclusion of both has been agitated for by those who would defeat Communism at any price. But such agitation has met with firm opposition from most Americans, from the French, and above all from the British Labor Party. I suggest then that the North Atlantic nations, as a group, have perhaps established a standard of conduct, however poorly defined. The standard exists, at least in a negative way, in that it excludes totalitarianism, whether Fascist or Communistic; it can only perhaps be described as a standard of democracy. The inclusion of Portugal, which is only somewhat less totalitarian than Spain and the strength of the agitation to include Spain itself, suggest that the standard is not universally accepted, if it does exist at all. Therefore I suggest merely that the standard may exist. At the

very least it may be said that the way is not yet closed to the application of such a standard—and must not be closed.

That does not remove the danger to which I referred above: that potentially friendly nations may be forced to seek reassurance elsewhere. That danger results from the existence of geographic limitations. But if the North Atlantic Pact has indeed established a standard of conduct then it is a much more worthy undertaking than the purely military organization it is sometimes held to be. We shall return to that question again later.

First it is necessary to look at one more aspect of the position of non-signatory states. The North Atlantic Pact is composed of twelve nations and their position is clear enough. But there also exist, through these twelve members, connections with many other widely scattered areas. Britain, through the web of Empire, is connected with Ceylon, Australia, the Indies; the U.S., through the Rio Pact, has an understanding with most of the American nations; Holland establishes a connection with Indonesia, and so on. It is clear that if a member of the Pact were attacked it would bring in her own specific allies as well as the other members of the Pact. But, what would happen if Ceylon or India were attacked and Britain went to their aid? Or if Brazil were victim of an aggressor and the United States acted under the Rio Pact? Would member nations of the Atlantic Pact be morally bound to enter the field? More serious still, would the North Atlantic nations be obligated to aid the Dutch, for instance, as a result of further imperialistic action in the Indonesian Republic? In short, the Pact, as a limited alliance, falls heir to the complicated network of agreements, conflicting alliances and understandings that is typical of the alliance system and which the United Nations was designed to replace. It also obviously falls heir to all the corresponding weaknesses and dangers.

Further, it is sometimes held that the Pact is not really a defensive alliance at all but a part of a much wider system including the other alliances I have mentioned. According to this interpretation it is conceived as an aggressive plan to surround Soviet Russia. That may be true. Yet, I think you will agree that no one, using the English language at least, could set forth the geographic area of the Pact more spe-

cifically than does Article 6 of the Pact, itself. And, political convictions aside, the Pact, itself, is the only legitimate evidence we have on which to base a judgment.

Finally, we come to the essential question, the effect of the North Atlantic Pact upon the United Nations and upon world peace prospects. I believe that it is now generally accepted that the Pact, while not in itself meaning the end of the United Nations, does signify acceptance of the temporary inability of the United Nations to provide the universal collective security for which it was created. I do not mean to imply that United Nations has been a complete failure. Far from it. It has achieved some outstanding successes. The mere fact of its existence as a sounding board where foreign ministers may debate in person rather than exchange diplomatic notes has been of immense value. We fail, generally, I think, to remember its safety valve function—but can anyone say that war might not have long since developed without it?

It has failed, of course, to reach agreement on all of the major issues—for example, the peace treaties, atomic energy, and the establishment of universal security through the police power. And, because it has failed on these issues, it is often suggested that the Atlantic Pact has been designed as a substitute for United Nations. But does the Pact contribute to the solution of those problems? Can it write the peace treaties or set up atomic energy control? Obviously not. It does provide military defense within certain limits but that is surely a far cry from an international police force. Because it cannot solve such problems, and indeed makes no attempt at their solution, the North Atlantic Pact can never be a substitute for United Nations. If it is to succeed the Pact can only be, and must be, not a substitute for but a supplement to United Nations.

The North Atlantic Pact, standing alone, can never provide peace. It could conceivably win the war if it comes, and many people seem to feel that that alone is its purpose. Such people accept the failure of United Nations and regard the Pact as purely and simply a military agreement to counter expanding Communism. If the Pact is intended only to redress the balance of power, I believe it must inevitably lead us to war. The balance of power system has never yet prevented war—and surely not because it

hasn't had a fair trial! Permanent peace and security have never in the past resulted from systems of alliances, mainly because the balance can never be struck. The search for an elusive margin of safety leads all sides to increasing armaments, increased suspicion and fear, increased influence by the high commands and, finally, to an explosion. It is sometimes held that the reason for the failure of the system has been that in no case was either side certain that the other would go to war. Thus, we are told, there might have been no war in 1914 if Germany had been sure that Britain would enter the war; or that World War II might have been prevented had the Western Allies made clear their resolution. If we accept that argument—and we must remember that it is pure conjecture—it is conceivable that the Atlantic nations might temporarily deter an aggressive move by Russia with a sufficient military program. Yet, surely in the light of all history the gamble is too great until every other possible avenue has definitely been closed to us. The gates of war are open when good principles are subjected to bad practices.

The Pact does, of course, have military defense as one of its primary aims. If world recovery is to progress the sense of stability must be restored—especially in Europe. The creation of a self-reliant Europe is generally considered the first prerequisite to peace. We cannot expect the people of that continent to go about the business of rebuilding with any real determination while the future holds only the prospect of further devastation. While the threat of aggression exists it must be made to appear less attractive through the creation of adequate defense arrangements. The assurance of defense, the hope of economic recovery and the existence of political stability provide the only satisfactory antidote to fear.

The Pact does, however, create certain grave dangers. Instead of aiding the economic recovery of Europe it could have exactly the opposite effect by diverting existing economic resources to armament and by making it politically more difficult to achieve the revival of East-West trade that was one of the basic assumptions of the countries benefiting by the Marshall Plan. The estimates of military experts vary greatly on the size and nature of the holding force necessary to defend Europe temporarily, but it

is obvious that the cost of such a force will be tremendous. However, the State Department has again and again stated that economic recovery will continue to be given priority over armament and, granted the necessity for regional defense precautions, the North Atlantic nations can do no more than strive for the proper balance. At present, in the absence of universal security based upon the United Nations, a search for regional security seems not only necessary but reasonable and justified.

Yet, while recognizing the impotency of the United Nations now, the Pact specifically reaffirms its faith in the principles and purposes of the Charter. If those are not merely empty words then the Pact, through the retention of such faith, is certainly something different from previous military alliances. I spoke, too, a moment ago about "standards of conduct." If the Pact does establish such standards—and again I say if—then it becomes more than a document dictated only by practical military necessity. References to economic co-operation and to the strengthening of free institutions as contained in Article 2 of the Pact are also unique in the history of defense alliances. E.C.A., itself, while outside the Pact, must be considered in connection with it, if only because economic planning under the Pact and the administration of E.C.A. will require intensive co-operation.

The Pact certainly does create grave dangers. It first of all freezes and draws tighter the lines between East and West. By doing so it may make the cold war a permanent feature of world politics by creating an insuperable barrier to the final establishment of tolerance between Russia and the West. An example of this danger is the recent skirmish in the U.N. Assembly over which country, Czechoslovakia or Yugoslavia, was to be the representative of the Eastern European nations. The U.S. and Canada and the rest of the Western countries—with the notable exception of Great Britain—supported Yugoslavia in the face of clearly established precedent when they stood to gain nothing whatever by doing so. The only conceivable reason was to administer a diplomatic slap in the face of Russia. It seems to be accepted by both Russia and the West that they must on principle oppose the proposals of the other, whether for good or evil.

As we noticed before, the Pact may draw too

heavily upon existing European resources for its military program at the expense of economic recovery. Britain provides an excellent example of such a danger. And, most important of all, the Pact, whatever else it is, is certainly a military alliance and as such fall heir to all the weaknesses and perils of that system.

It may well be that the Pact is purely and simply a military alliance and nothing more. If so it will surely be judged harshly by future generations—and judged harshly whether it wins or loses the war it will help to perpetrate. But, if it is something more—if it is the first step down the road towards the destruction of nationalism between the affiliated states, then the North Atlantic Pact nations may work out in practice a faith which can lift their eyes above the concerns of the present and counter the ideological challenge of Communism on its own plane. If it does set up standards of conduct, and if, above all else, it does retain its faith in the ideal of the United Nations, if it is viewed as one column in that ideal structure of real unity, then it may be, not just another chapter in the long story of futile defense alliances, but a prelude to something a great deal more worth while.

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Valedictorian's Address

CARL RIDD, Arts IV.

NOW is the hour for us to say "Goodbye". And in that simple word lies an untold wealth of feeling, an unbounded variation of meaning. For we are saying "Goodbye" not only to United College, and all that it has meant to us; but to one another, as we embark on life's varied course:

"Tomorrow to fresh Woods, and Pastures new."

And to my lot has fallen the great honour, the grave responsibility, the impossible task, of translating into words the emotions that must even now be crowding into your hearts, as they are into mine. That is, I think, the duty of a valedictorian—to attempt to crystallize, if only for an instant, the fleeting thoughts of the whole group, to pursue the will o' the wisp that can never be quite captured, to express as adequately as possible that which oft was thought but can ne'er be well expressed.

In years to come, other people will be sitting in these places, will be saying these same things, will be thinking these same thoughts. But for *us*, at any rate, it will *not* be the same. *This* is *our* moment. For a few brief hours, we are supreme; our college career, rich with its many activities, its new friendships, its countless experiences, lies, almost, behind us; we are on the crest of a great wave, poised for an instant at its fullest height, before it surges forward to cast us upon the shores of life which lie ahead.

We came to United College from high school, eager, young, bright-eyed students, with all the romance of "college" before us, expecting great things, hoping for greater, confident, anticipating; we came from jobs, with an interlude of down-to-earth experience between the days of our "glad animal movements" in high school, and the more mature activities of a university student; we came from war, saddened and wisened, old beyond our years, determined, with a will to succeed in our quest for knowledge. One might, then, easily assume that such a heterogeneous mixture, having, on the surface, so little common ground for interaction, might be no more than "just another bunch of

students." But we will proudly dispute that unjust appellation. Our association with one another in Manitoba's oldest college has welded us together; we may bend, but we will never break. The friends that we have made, the friends that sit around us now, are ours for life. For these years we have been thrown together, by the hand of Fate, bound by a common goal, molded by a common influence in a common element. We are the class of '50, now, and are ready to take our leave. Soon, we will be just another picture in the halls of the college; but we will have contributed our part to the life of United. And not the least of our contributions will have been the purchase, as a class, of a new Stick. It seems that the old-fashioned kind will no longer do; so the class of '50 has, at least, made sure that for the next forty-odd years, United College will have "a Stick with a gold-plated head."

In looking back over our chequered careers at university, we can think of many disappointments, achievements, successes, and failures which have all played their parts in making up the sum total of what is, to us, the personification of United College. Do you remember, not so long ago, the inspired campaign of the Dark Horse for Senior Stick? Do you remember the accusations of "treachery," and "double-cross" levied by this worthy animal's supporters at one another, when their candidate trailed the field with only one vote—presumably his own? Or what about the blood feud between "United" and the "Manitoban" over "redislocation," or some such obscure issue, that, with the passage of time, has all but disappeared? And do you remember—but of course you do; and so do I. For memories such as these have been one of our richest heritages at United College.

But this has not been all. Whenever we have been beset by problems, snowed under by the responsibilities of our existences as students, we have received help, invariably, from those very sources from which the difficulties originally sprang. In short, the members of the faculty of United College, if at times they have encumbered us with essays, bombarded us with

tests, submerged us in a profusion of notes, have been equally assiduous in extricating us from the mire, and aiding us on our way. They have been constantly at our elbows—and, at times, in our hair—throughout our whole university life, tripping us up, when we threatened to become too cocksure and self-confident; then picking us up out of the dust, as we lay sprawling there, brushing us off, and with a word of encouragement, ushering us along once more. To the faculty, then, with all our appreciation of their splendid patience, their cheerful goodwill, must go our sincere thanks, as time closes out our careers in the institution they so capably serve.

I have spoken of United College as an “institution.” But within the framework of the venerable edifice bordering on Portage Avenue are many other little “institutions,” without which United College would be barren.

I see Tony’s at noon hour, packed, bustling, filled with overtones of friendliness and joyous good-humour. There are the old tables, crowded together, each chair bearing its animated occupant, as good-natured banter flies thick and fast, to-and-fro, into all corners of the room. There is the new clock on the wall, the sign of progress, no doubt, but that is practically all that has changed in our time. In February, one can hardly make out the painted brick walls, covered as they are with spashy election propaganda. Here is the heart of United College, where the sluggish blood is cleansed, and whence a rejuvenated student is pumped back into the bloodstream of college life.

Then there is the common room life—at noon-hour in the fall, when the World Series is on, and we are piled three deep over our lunch pails, thrilling to every base hit, dying a thousand deaths with every error, anticipating momentarily the dreaded ring of the 12:30 bell which portends either a lecture to be skipped, or four innings to be missed. Then, as winter succeeds, so, too, do new subjects of interest, new topics of conversation, until, finally, by fall, the wheel has come full circle, and new faces are beholding the sights we once beheld, and new palates tasting the pleasures we once knew. From the common rooms, in late afternoon, lonely and unpeopled at the close of day, we have often heard emanating strange and weird noises—the portentous snore of a sleeping student who

wisely deferred his classroom dozing until a later and more appropriate hour; or the soaring, melodious voice of a bathroom tenor, without his bathroom, pouring forth an aria from grand opera.

And who of us has not had an intimate association with another little “institution” within the college—the library? We must, all of us, if we have ever entertained hopes of a sheepskin and the letters “B.A.,” at one time or another, have had some contact with this little sanctuary of knowledge, where one must learn to talk only in whispers. We know, for example, that at any time before 11:00 on a winter morning, the inside of a blast furnace is often much more conducive to studying than a position within those book-lined walls; on the other hand, however, most of us would whole-heartedly prefer a place in our open-air French stadium in mid-winter to a seat next the windows of the library on a cold afternoon.

If, however, the atmosphere of the library was too frigid, one could usually wander off to Convocation Hall, where the hot feet of the college have perpetuated the tradition of the Tea Dance.

But now the sands of time are running out on us; the hour glass that represents our brief span at United College is well-nigh emptied. We shall ever remember, though, these halcyon days, that, in retrospect, have been some of the most valuable of our lives; we shall never forget the debt of gratitude we owe, each and every one of us, to the faculty of our college, a debt that can never be repaid by a mere “Thank you,” which is the only tribute which we can now make to them. In going our way, out the doors of United for the last time, we shall carry within us thoughts and memories of the old Red and White, of the friends we have made, of the joys in which we have shared, of the privileges which have been ours. It is with no nostalgic regrets, however, that we take our leave, but with a cheerful optimism, confident in the hope of a bright future, secure in the knowledge that we have received a background of invaluable worth. To the graduating classes of the future we say, “Be strong; be cheerful; rejoice as we do in the opportunity which is yours. We have done our best:

“To you, from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.”

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Graduation—End or Beginning

By DR. REID

IT used to be common practice in freshman English classes — perhaps it still is — to require each student some time during the term to submit a little essay on some such subject as *What I Expect to Get Out of University*. I have often thought that the assignment might better be given just before graduation — or better still, just after that wonderful day. For the time to consider that question is never past. Too often, graduation from a university course is looked upon as the end of an educational process; in fact, of course, it should be regarded as merely the beginning. It seems to be now accepted even among hard-headed businessmen, that a man who finishes his education at twenty-one or twenty-two, is much superior in equipment to a youth who finishes it at seventeen or eighteen. If that is true, how much more superior must be the man who continues the process of educating himself until he is thirty, or

forty, or until the very end of his life. The university course, far from being a completed task, is merely one phase of the preparation for that self-instruction and that self-discipline which continue, in the life of the educated man, as long as he does.

The primary objectives of the university training have been often stated, and often debated. Let me give you one such statement — that of the nineteenth century churchman, Cardinal Newman. The desirable ends, he maintained, were “the force, the steadiness, the comprehensiveness and the versatility of intellect, the command over our own powers, the instinctive just estimate of things as they pass before us, which sometimes indeed is a natural gift, but commonly is not gained without much effort and the exercise of years.” If I were wise, I think I should stop at this point. Like most of my calling, however, I cannot resist the opportunity to expound upon this text.

The educated man, says Newman, possesses “force.” That force, it seems to me is in the best case the force of conviction which he can bring to bear upon any problem — a force which is founded upon the knowledge that the conviction itself is the result of a rational, calm, and unbiased study of the problem. The educated man may never be convinced that he is right, but he is sure to be convinced that his opinion is at least defensible, since he himself has had to defend it against himself. In this present age of bewilderment and blind hysteria that conviction is a precious thing and a source of great strength.

The educated man possesses “steadiness.” Having by intellectual means arrived at a judgment, and convinced that by intellectual means he can defend that judgment, such a man is prepared to maintain it, even before public hysteria and popular outcry. Perhaps more than anything else, the world needs today men who are possessed of that quality of steadiness.

The educated man of necessity is equipped with “comprehensiveness and versatility of intellect.” In our modern society the tendency

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has been of late rather to glorify the specialist — the man who possesses some specific skill, the exercise of which produces an apparent material gain for himself or his neighbours. But the scientist who knows how to produce the H-bomb, and knows not one other thing besides, is a more dangerous force than the bomb itself. There is no field of knowledge which either can or should be, closed off from all others; it is the responsibility of the educated man to see that this is never attempted.

He possesses, too, "a command over his own powers." That willingness to examine critically and coldly even his own opinions and his own conclusions, will inevitably impose upon him the necessity continually to re-justify those opinions and conclusions. Nothing can be better calculated to impose a sense of responsibility than this kind of self-criticism. It will, as well, help him immensely to make what Newman calls the "just estimate" of things as they pass before him.

Cardinal Newman was ready, as I am not, to concede that these qualities may sometimes be a natural gift. Out of the vast ignorance which comes from many years of not studying modern psychology, I would venture to contradict this: it seems to me that they can never be gained "without much effort and the exercise of years." To me these are the significant phrases. Constant intellectual effort and continuous mental exercise lie ahead of this graduating class, not behind it. And without that effort and that continuing exercise, over a wide part of human affairs and above all upon yourselves, you must never voice too loudly the claim that you are educated men and women.

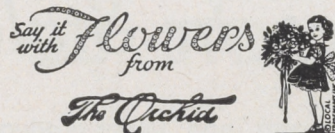
CAPTIONS FOR CANDIDS ON FACING PAGE.

Reading left to right:

Queue forms to the left, girls.
Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking.
Just in case she absconds with the funds.
Memories of yesteryear.
Je suis Napoleon.
That ol' college spirit's alive.
What puts the work in work camp.
Climbing the stairs to success (Convo Hall).
Hmmm. Just smell that grease paint.
Hmm. Wonder who belongs to the legs?

CAPTIONS FOR CANDIDS ON PAGES 72 AND 73.

1. Tony's is closed.
2. The Inner Sanctum.
3. Don't feed it and maybe it'll go away.
4. French.
5. And I said to him . . .
6. The boys in the back room.
7. I use Pepsodent because . . .
8. Fourth Year Coffee Club.
9. Lady Stick and Queen.
10. Stan Young of Macalester
11. and other Mac delegates arrive, are greeted by
12. Norm Cantor of United
13. and dance.



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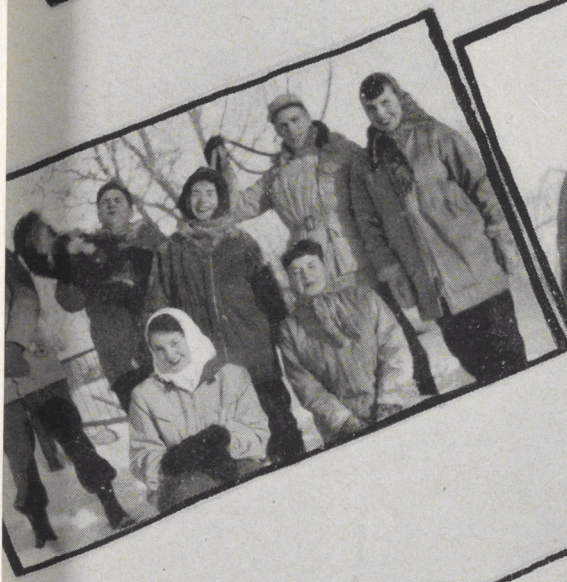
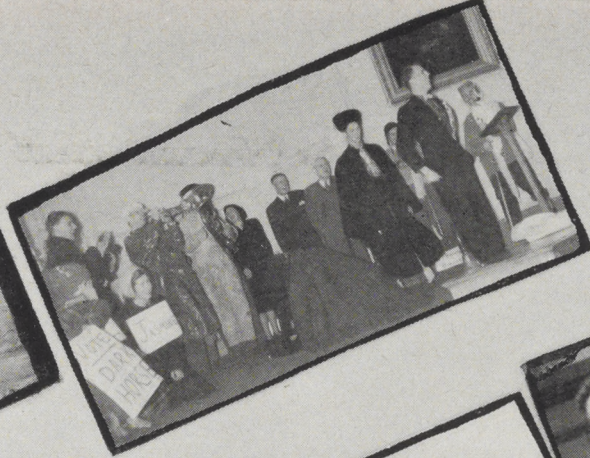
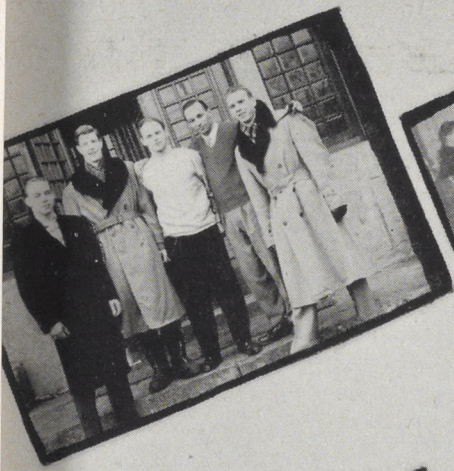
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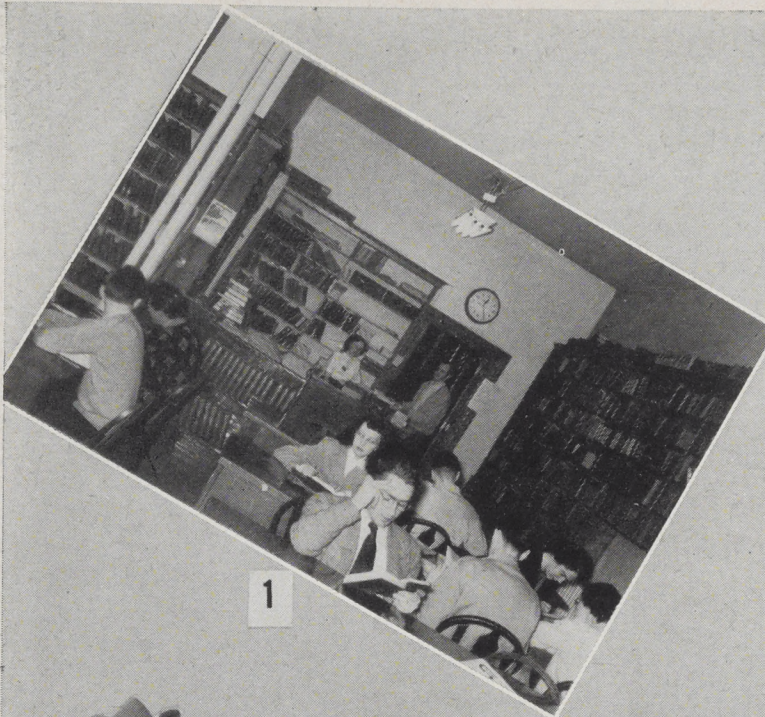
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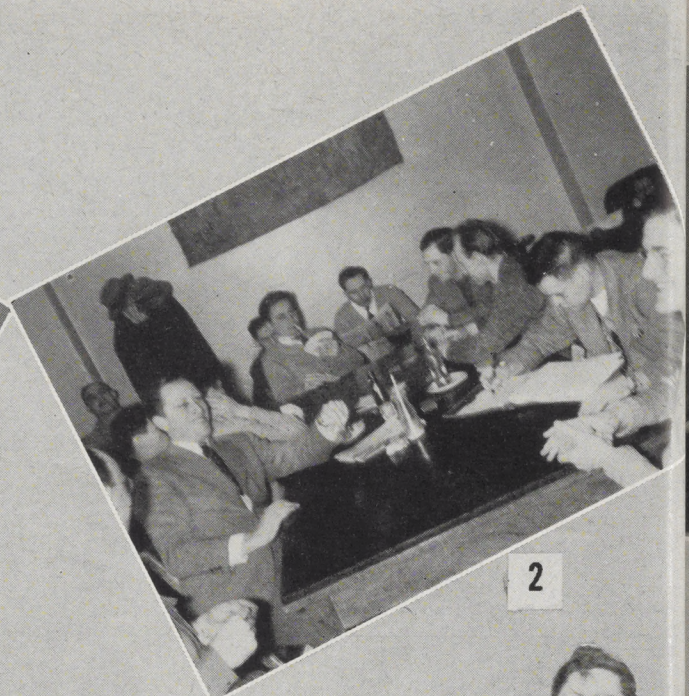
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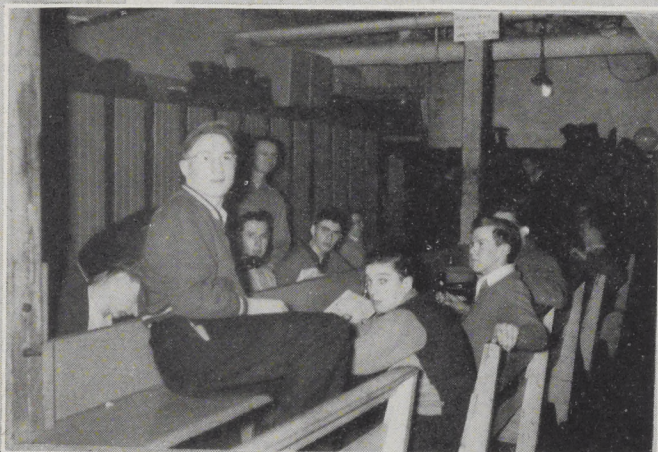


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12



13

William Norrie

"Sticking" to U.C. through Reallocation
Has given experience for leading the
nation.
A Deek and a Mason, a congenial
fellow,
His profession law, personality swello.
Plaid jacket, warm smile, blond hair,
blue eyes,
A future success? This should be no
surprise.

Herbert G. Adler

Doesn't play the harmonica, but suc-
ceeds in bringing harmony into the
midst of the Film Club.

Gerald M. Alexander

Gerry is fourth year president as
well as college "crier." A dynamo of
activity with two feet in every college
function. An ex-boxer now managed
by an ex-"Cook." Blew the smoke out
of the upper halls. This little bee-hive
just can't help but land an executive
job.

Marion Anderson

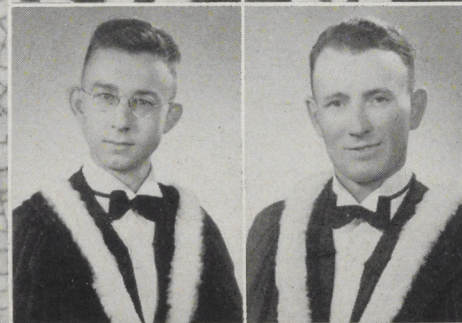
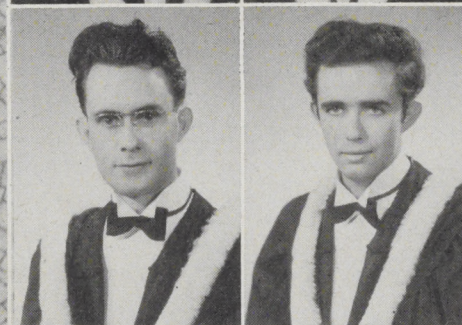
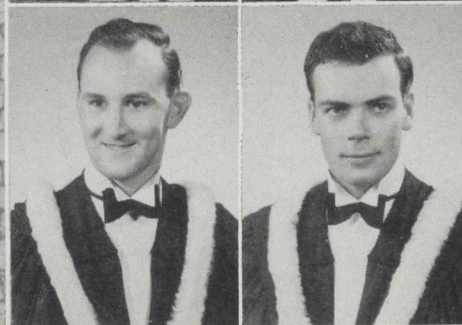
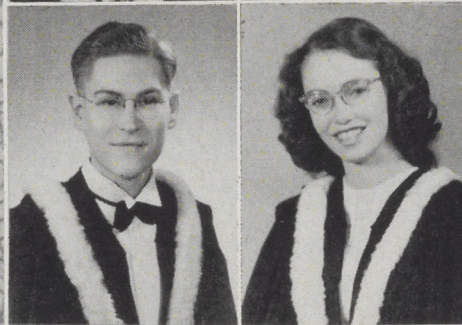
A gay and so dashing young ruralite
Who disguises the fact with a gay light
Of her grey-green eyes and conniptions
And a haircut that beggars descriptions.
Ebullient, also a scholar,
The girl whom the fellers all foller,
Too fussy, prefers rum to gin,
Aspires to business admin.

William H. Barkwell

One of the less boisterous members
of the fourth year class, but one who
spends the occasional hour expounding
in the hallowed Retreat, or swapping
tales in Tony's.

David E. Bennett

After having sailed the ocean blue,
Ed came to United to take arts and
theology, in which he already has five
years' experience. Extra-curric. inter-
ests include hockey, music, curling,
wife and three children.



Margaret C. Mackay

Though weak-eyed and perfectly
helpless without her specs, Marg. is
a capable lady stick. She is always
presiding at something. Her future will
be shaped around slum-clearance and
perhaps a bit spot in the Folies Ber-
gere.

Anita B. Aitken

Does classical warbling in German
and Italian—her stock encore is "Rinse
White." Also starred in U. Glee Club
productions. Anita, another Greek-
letter girl (Alpha Phi), plans to teach
Winnipeg's little people to warble, too.
Lucky little people!

Jeffrey W. Anderson

In the damp chill of the classroom,
Greatly sought by central heating,
Sits our Jeffrey, eyes a-burning,
Holes into his T. S. Eliot.
Likes to joke and quip and "gambol,"
Whets his brain on English essays,
Reads the "Take-One" in the W.E. Co.
We predict Jeff great success.

Marion J. Anderson

Active in college enterprises too
numerous to mention—you'll have to
take our word for it, plus the evidence
of her Wesley award. Has a passion
for collecting—scholarships, prizes, and
the ilk—and succeeds in holding her
own against the more predominant
male section of Honours English. Also
has a passion for laughing—no special
time or place. No doubt as to the suc-
cess of her indefinite future.

Jack Beckman

Hail to thee, blithe bird,
Spirit thou never wert.
Knowest thou Kant and Hegel,
Plato and "What say, Mert?"
Hail to thee, blithe sage,
Seekest thou truth? How jolly!
Get thee into social service,
Have thee a good time, Cholly!

Harry C. Benson

Harry has achievements in both dra-
matic and debating fields. A "chore"
boy at St. Stephen's Broadway Church.
His versatile personality and intelli-
gence will make him an unusual addi-
tion to the ministry.

Catherine M. Bond

Made history by creating an evening gown out of an awning. Coins personal epigrams with a scent and gives no quarter. Attended the Macalester Conference. Plans to put her unlimited mental capacity to work for social service.

Elizabeth M. Bond

The first half of the "Sainted Sisters," but she's full of surprises. Her intellectual facade conceals a rustic humour, not to mention risqué. Has an indirect interest in theology. Social-service minded, wants to "give clothes to dem poor kids."

James W. Bray

Works with the I.V.C.F. Sits with the Liberals in U.C. Mock Parliament. Moves regularly with the S.C.M. Is taking Greek, which theology will later be to his congregation.

Alan F. Brown

This holy light hails from Rainy River, Ontario. Is responsible for the extra trills in Chapel Choir. His word is as good as his Bond. A serious student to the extent that he reads books and eats three meals a day.

Donna M. Campbell

Beauty plus brains. The reason so many boys are taking Philosophy IV. Secretary of Current Affairs, and an active worker on the Macalester Conference. Oh, to be in grade six again, when Donna starts teaching!

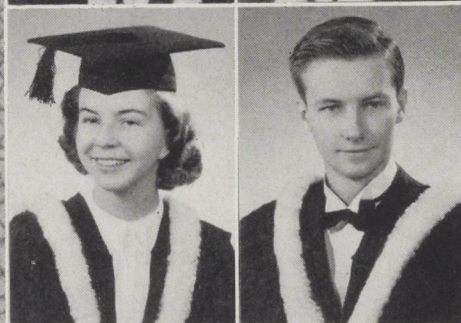
G. S. Terry Cavanagh

Can be found in the more-obscure parts of the college, i.e., the library or classrooms. Wants to knot up the ravelled sleeve of his education, but will take time out for a mean game of golf or tennis.



Bernard A. Birbeck

A retired air-force sergeant. Full of vim, vigor and senility. An avid curler, he also handles bowling, golfing, softball and his hard-working wife. Plans to return to a teaching career.



Noah M. Bowman

An athlete with intellectual yearnings. Considered a very "shifty" fellow on the ice and dance floor, and always willing to play for a "nickel a hundred." Pocket money comes from sale of tickets for the Ark. Intends to hurl all 16 pounds of grey matter into teaching.



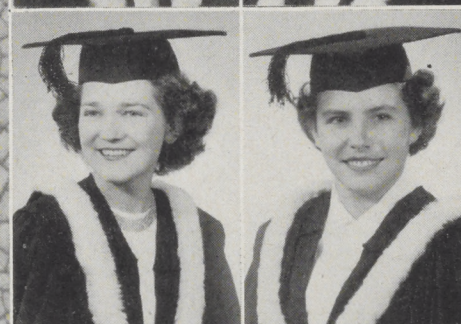
R. Bringham

Claims she's an optical illusion. Any Gargantua can wear size three's! Featured in "the spot" on the Toban's back page. "Berta's personality rates in inverse proportion to size.



A. Irene Brown

A sorority girl taking a rich "Art" course. One of the finer fixtures in Tony's illustrious parlour. "Daddy says . . ." Irene lives in a collapsible ivory tower. Is always getting awards for things.



Luella M. Brown

Indulges rather heavily . . . in sports. Is really excited about 20th century English and its professor. They say she wants to educate people herself some time.

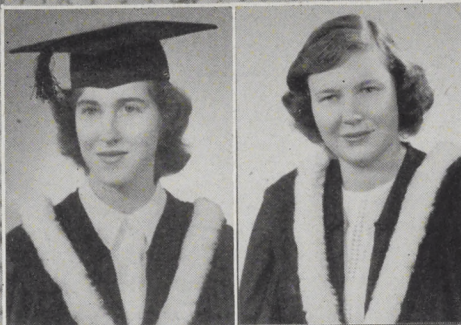


John A. Carson

The "sheik." Quiet and studious once or twice a week. Ex-water-bombing expert of residence—used to keep the dean in cold water. Future plans disorganized, but we suspect the ministry.

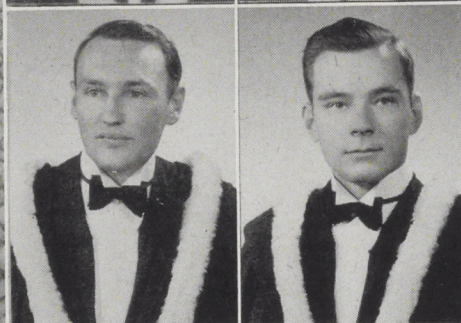
Joan Elizabeth Charter

Cosmopolite from New Jersey, Dryden and Queen's. Number 13 from left in the Choral Society. Another English-Music-French Club habitue. Next year teaching, then the world—Europe, she hopes.



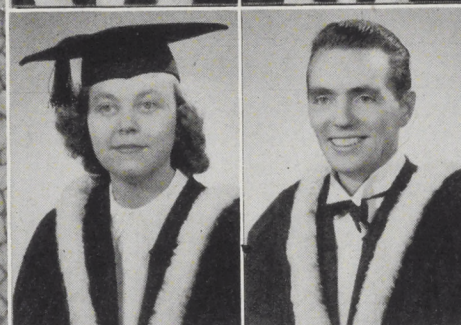
Harold R. De Jersey

Spent two years in the navy and plans doing a treatise on "The Psychology of Mal de Mer." Curls and golfs. If he ever overcomes the April exam fixation, next year may find him in Education.



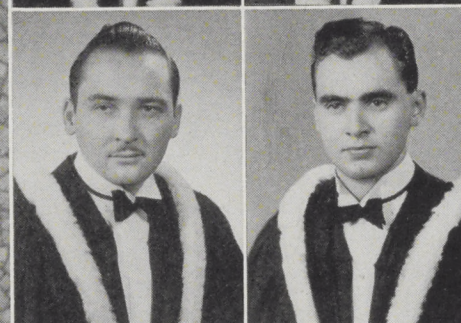
Carmen Detemmerman

Takes part in the Swan Lake Ballet. Doesn't come from, but believes in the loves of. Fugitive from Sparling who has found shelter in the shadow of the Common Room. Carmen is charmin'.



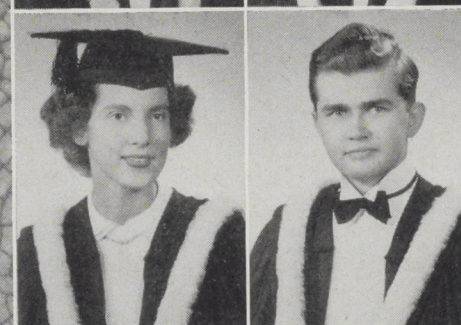
Peter P. Drosdowich

Gilbert Plains claims Peter slept here. Treasurer of Alpha Omega Society, and never seems to be short of ready cash. This busy man's future is devoted to education.



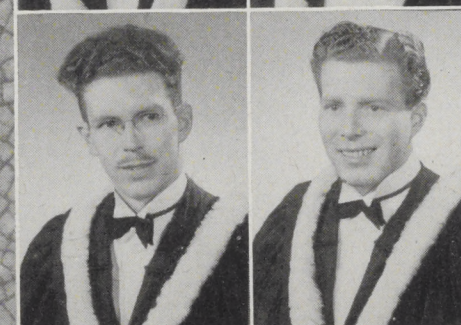
Eileen V. Elliott

A redhead with no respect for black-heads. Pursues French and religious studies with a vengeance. They say she intends educating future prime ministers.



Bernard L. M. Embree

More scholarships than a dog has flees. Past teacher, present scholar, future pastor, who will be a brilliant and sincere leader for his flock.



C. Joan Crawford

Hails from Fort William, but storms around Winnipeg with a Great Lake habitue. An Alpha Phi, and a loyal member of the Sparling Hall Siest Club. Her indefinite future plans include a trip to Europe.

Alan L. Crossin

Co-perpetrator of Parliament's National Progressive Rejectionist Party. Besides political activities, slaved in the hot summer sun putting out the U.C. Handbook for the enlightenment of Freshies.

James W. Downey

Intelligent, intellectual and unintelligible. Wit comes via mass-production. Jim is seeking the answer to man, but presently working on the answer from a woman we know. Has a lot of good clean fun running a girls' club for the "Y." Future lies in the creative writing field. The insanity of human wishes!

Douglas K. Drewett

Another good will bundle from Portage la Prairie. Golf and tennis are his two loves, although he is reportedly interested in innocent girl guide work. The business world looms ahead.

Donald Dyma

St. John's Tech. School's loss. The skeleton in his closet is a Pre-Med. course, but now at United rounding out the three R's. Future in medicine or law.

Earl A. Everett

Born at Reston, and now restin' around United. Made the Grande Tour, but in air force pants. A husband, a father, and at some time, perhaps, a social welfare worker.

Timothy E. Fellowes

Just a distant relative of Timothy Eaton's. Tim "Fashion-Plate" Fellowes has reached the acme of modern politics, always willing to help another guy out. Has aspirations for law, and to obtain a pass-key to Sparling Hall. One quarter of the Executive brain trust, Tim still has dreams of people handing in typewritten reports.

Zella B. French

"Flink" is of the career girl genre with a hankering after the marriage status. "There is only one solution to all my problems. I simply must marry a \$\$\$\$\$\$." A sophisticated rhetorician, utterly inebriated with the exuberance of her own verbosity, she has given invaluable support to debating. Paradoxically, she served in capacity of "Class Idiot" at Grad's Farewell.

Joseph D. Fry

A student of Greek and Hebrew. Would like to reorganize the present educational system, and do other repair jobs. The Nightingale of the rarified air ways. Future lies in theology.

Patricia E. Gill

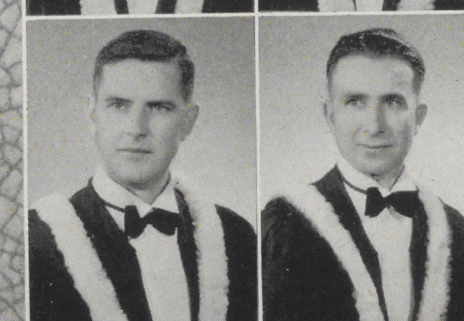
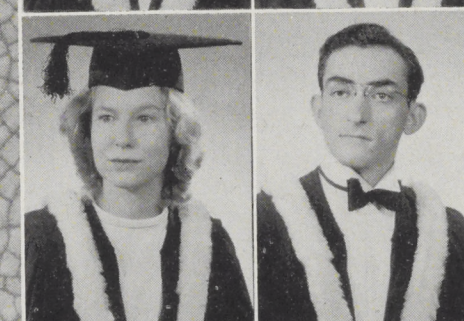
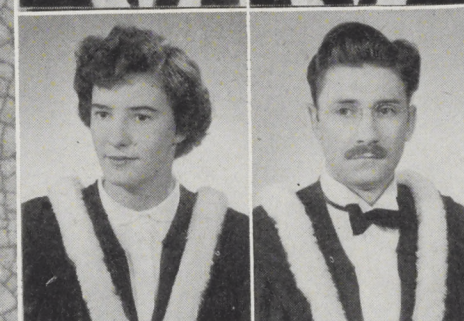
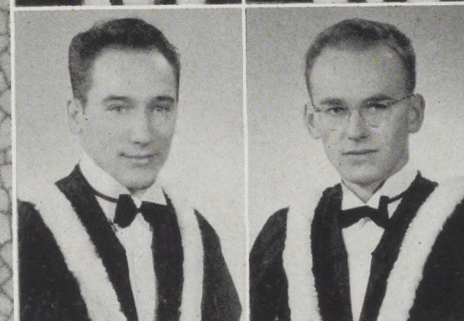
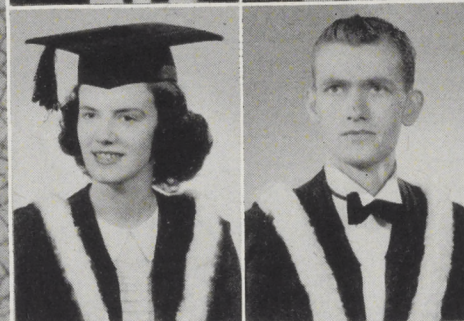
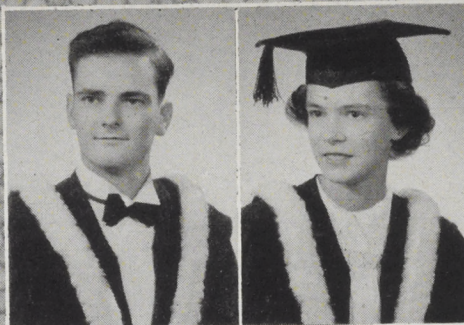
Oh, those brown eyes! Star of the basketball team, and of the noon-hour common room squad, who frequents the library and social studies classes at other hours.

Barbara M. Greenfield

Insists she's strictly average, but she ain't; her blond hair is natural. Thinks volleyball is good for the figure. Between tipping (the coke company pays her for promotion) and tinkling on the piano, Barbara leads a full life. No special plans, but high hopes.

Alex Gwynne

Direct descendant from Nel. An amiable and sincere fellow, an ever-present help in time of trouble. Last fall Alex took time out to get married and his charming wife keeps him on the straight and narrow path. Pet peeve is psychology tests.



Margaret C. Fleming

Margaret, Pungent-Past-In-Port-Arthur Fleming is an ardent mathematician, excels at elucidating curves and figures, at least to the male members of her math's labs. What would we do without the sinking funds she is always establishing, and the knitting classes she conducts?

Herbert V. Friesen

The man with the acid tongue (and consequently bad teeth). Dabbles in philosophy, psychology and kleptomania. Holds no grudge against Canada for not electing him prime minister. Plans to retire after his first novel.

George Froese

Seriously applies a what-can-I-get-away-with philosophy of life. At present is a part-time sleuth for a credit agency. Ambition is to finish college before his son starts.

Douglas N. Grant

A Gordon Bell grad. and sports enthusiast. Toured the continent via R.C.A.F. expense account. Sported a Malabar tuxedo at Grad's Farewell. No concrete plans, but cement mixing would be nice.

Nelson Gutnick

"Man will never reach the ultimate state of mental calm unless he takes an aptitude test or reveals prohibition." This honours psychology student has a strong zest for anything psychopathic, therefore you can find him introspecting in the halls at all hours.

Alexander L. Haas

The only man left who believes in the inevitable return of the Haas and Buggy days. Thinks that Divorce is a movie star. Plans on social work, or failing that, will study the ramifications of the ramifications.

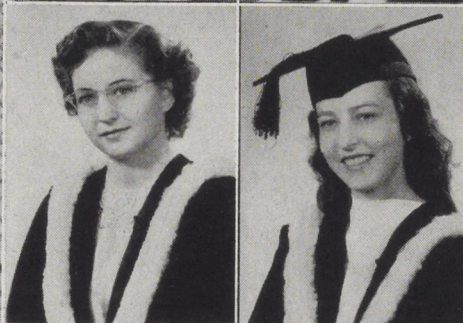
M. Jean Halliday

Has a mathematical mind and a giggle. Shines at last-minute essay writing. Future: A nice quite business office, equipped with lounge, automatic typewriter, a daily order of bonbons, and tons and tons of men.



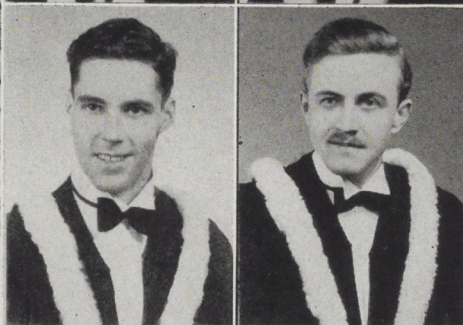
Margaret R. Hanley

Her energy valve is wide open. Holds Manitoba and P.E.O. Sisterhood scholarships. Active member of S.C.M. and of U.M.S.U. Choral Society. No plans for future—obviously no future. Renowned for her renditions of Greek Ert.



Roland S. Harper

Curly locks,
Gaudy socks,
Always talks.
Active in drama, and studies, too,
Theology, women and . . . billet doux!



Virgil E. Holmes

Should be interested in Latin poetry, but isn't. Prefers calculus, from which he sometimes wakes up screaming. Thinks French bathing suits too conservative. Run of the mill ambition—teaching.



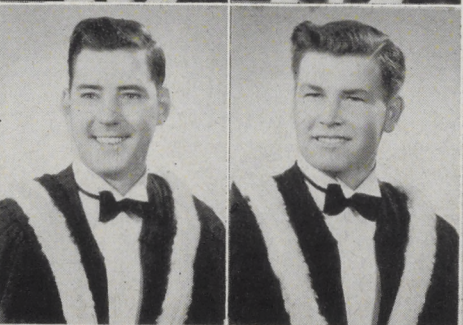
Albert W. M. Hopkins

Matthew Arnold's (and by the same token Dr. Stanley's) soul-mate. Observer at Macalester Conference, a rep. in Mock Parliament, and welcome addition in any group. Any one who would drive that old Essex must have a sense of humour.



Harold A. Huppe

Has taught Sunday School in spare time. Experience also in leading a boys' group (a girls' group would undoubtedly reach an undeterminable magnitude). Keep away from Harry, he has an infectious laugh.



Margaret S. Hall

A witty girl with an old-fashioned peaches and pearls face. Claims she's being typed for Theatre Night roles—but is not actually the siren type, she says. Bet that as it may, Margo is better suited to a spot in the diamond horseshoe than a social welfare worker.

Daisy Harbottle

Raven locks and a sparrow-like appetite, which nevertheless carries her cheerfully through those 1-o-o-o-ng classes. We'd still like to know what kind of hair tonic she uses.

George A. Hayward

Another member of the brush cut and brief-case brigade. Rumoured George is father to United's Choral Society. A composer of note and wit-cisms. The concert stage is his goal.

Murray R. Henderson

Another of the married members of the fourth year class, Murray is kept busy alternating classes and theological pursuits. With his sincerity and quiet sense of humour, he should be a valuable addition to the ministry.

Jack Wilfred Hobson

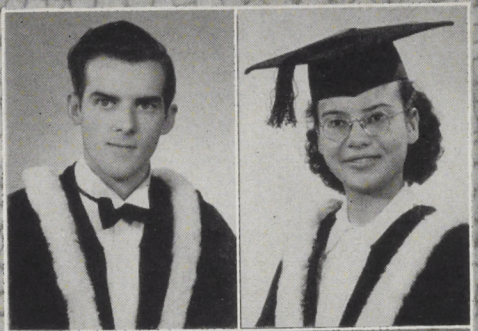
Spent five years preserving our air force, and touring England and Africa. Leads a full life on ball field, the rink and with his wife. Sometimes comes to classes. Should have no trouble making his mark in the world.

George H. Hutton

A farming philosopher. Teasing references to his Sadie Hawkins' Day nuptials bring only a hearty guffaw. Not subject to social pressure but will apply pressure of his own across a pulpit in future. Oh, yes . . . his wife calls him "Kewpie."

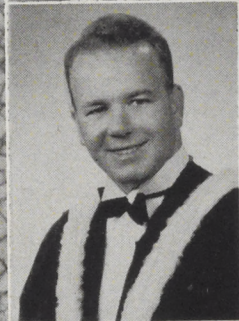
Arnold A. Isford

Thinks French and Italian night-life is a glorious "must." Such yarns! Macalester Conference devotee of two years note. Famed for activities in History Club and Current Affairs. Plans post-grad in business administration, then, South of the Border.



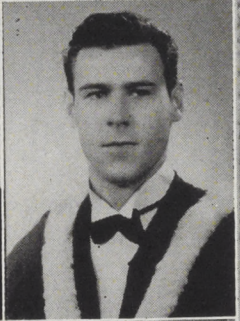
June E. Ilnicki

Deliriously happy with college life. Borrows books and nickels in Tony's. Plans on a librarian course at McGill. A very pleasant type of bookworm.



Fred B. Johnson

One of fourth year's veterans—spent three years in the air force, four at United, and a solid-citizen type with a wife and son. In summer, studies the finer points of swimming and golf. Ambition—to have his own swivel chair and give orders in the business world.



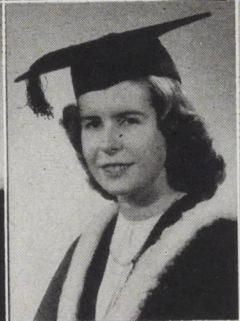
George A. Kearney

Organizer and mainstay of the Friday P.M. Club (a non-political party). The "Mock" in Mock Parliament. The only man who will put a square pipe in a round face. Plans a future in some government cell.



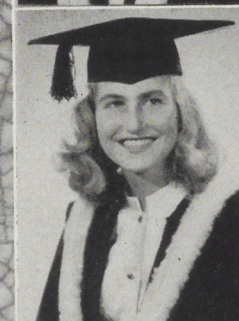
Margaret A. Killick

Well travelled, witty and charming. A whiz at driving, whether it be a Chrysler or for the I.S.S. president of the Alpha Phi, and other activities ad nauseum. Most successful dramatic role of the year as Jasmine.



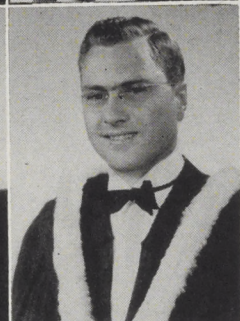
Laura Evelyn Kristjanson

Formerly the braces of the Co-Ed Council and Glee Club. Instigated a new type of hair-do around United. Likes good, clean food and plenty of it. Future planned in social work, but that third-finger - left-hand - diamond speaks worlds.



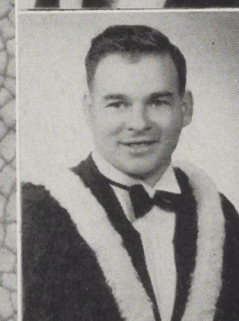
George Murray Lake

Archbishop of Tony's who absorbs gallons of coffee therein, to dilute the fresh air he absorbs daily on his trek from 'way out there. Great lover of man's best friend and its five pups. Active in church work, which will be his future life work.



Omar H. Lamb

Like Khayam and Bradley he is bound to make his mark. Strictly a "not much in a crowd but wait till he gets you alone" type. Has dubious honour of position as door monitor in Convo. Hall. Accumulates his dinnerware via the Arlington gift-nite. Is busy raising a flock of little lambs.



Rosemary N. Lobb

Very much admired young lady with no end of accomplishments. Now learning to swim. Has a strong affinity for short bald-headed profs. Future: She considers either education or social work; should succeed at either.



Donalda H. Mackay

Commutes daily from Transcona. Simply can't finish those essays on time, but has developed a marvellous rationalizing technique; does well as editor of Vox. One of the Chosen 800 on "Mademoiselle's" honorary college board. Her faith in black magic should see her through life.



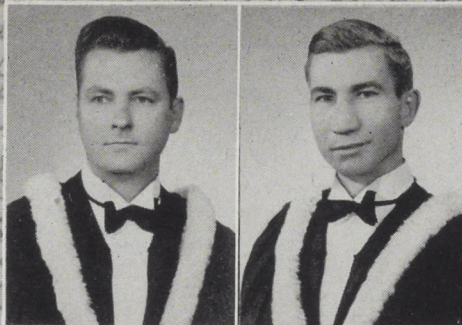
Jean G. E. MacKenzie

To survive, she has to discourage a lot of study in jeannieology. A songstress with a spotty . . . err . . . sporty reputation—tennis, curling and skating. Came to United from some obscure mental home in Ontario, which features redheaded internes.



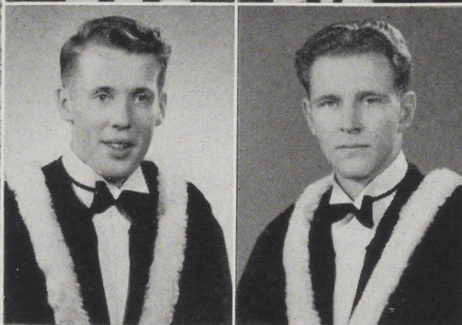
Francis S. May

Used to work "down by the Bay"—Hudson's, to be exact. Not the boisterous type, but one who indulges in curling, classes, and occasional capers.



Marvin V. McDill

A 15th century virtuoso, plays mouth organ, curls, bowls and rationalizes. Believes in Mighty Mouse and the evil effects of A.A. The pedagogue type.



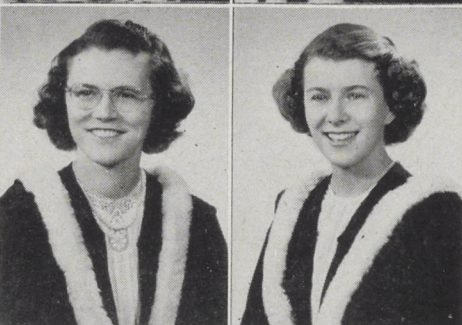
Kenneth I. McIntyre

Of a mathematical inclination; interested in angles and M.J.'s curves. Carries on a constant struggle between curling and girling—poor psychology! Is also friendly toward S.C.M.



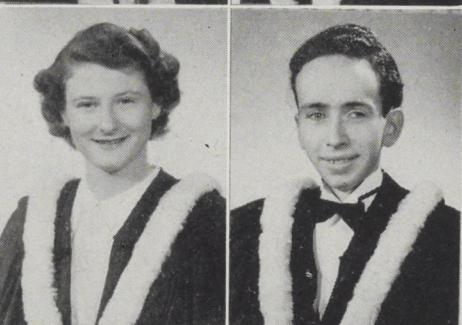
Marjorie J. McLean

Used to be a growed-up teecheur, now she's being tot. Has a flame for bowling and one for S.C.M. activities. Hopes to carve a corner for herself in social service.



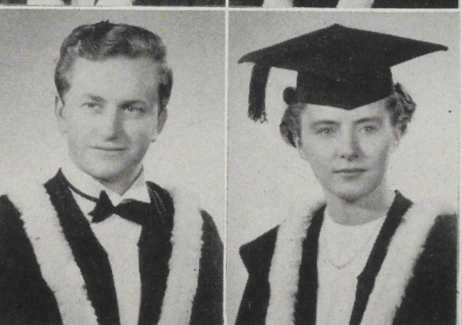
Patricia M. McLean

Is holding out for a \$400 engagement ring; expects it somewhat late in life. Like a chameleon, i.e., petite, and how she changes. Wore a strapless at Grad's Farewell, and had her little troubles. Who could guess that behind that frivolous air lurk philosophical thought!



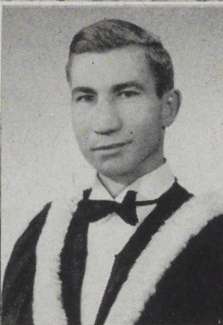
Michael Midzain

A former pedagogue—a part time miner—a future pedagogue. The ever-searching mind. Believes the future of the world lies in the education of the young.



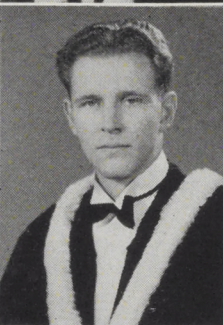
Terrence Maydan

Vicious rumours have it that Terrence studies, and all evidence verifies the statement. But he also holds membership in the Common Room Club, and is mildly interested in sports.



Kenneth M. McCrea

A sub-lieut. on loan from the navy. His immediate goal, the Grad's Farewell. Later on, Ken is going to see (which embraces both the Pacific and matrimony).



Mildred M. McDougall

A domestic at Sparling Hall—keep it in a state of hilarity. Her scholastic genius has been disputed, but she sure tries hard. Says she wants to own a garage. (We don't understand either.)



Marion McIntyre

Has graced the boards of Convocation Hall in French productions for several years. An ardent curler, library habitué and Sparling Haller whose future, we predict, will include a tall handsome man.



Raymond M. McLeod

A library habitué. Can make the psychological ramifications of Somerset Maugham more meaningful.



Yvonne P. McRorie

Active member of Council. Pounded the ivories for the Building Fund variety concerts. As treasurer of the U.C.S.A., she spends her time looking for her White House keys. Cute friendly—she even studies at times. Favorite saying: "Are you sure you're still within your budget?"



Berthold E. Milner

Star of the soc. class during studies of the rural family. From all appearances, he is planning on doing further research in that direction very shortly. Another V.C.F.'er who is active in church work.

Sheila R. Munroe

If music be the food of love . . .
Sheila's piano will fix it
To give devotion a harder shove
Than Abelard or Dorothy Dixit.
To concert stage she does aspire
And when there she will lend it
Poise and charm and Gaelic fire
Blended enough to "send" it.

Johanna Nielsen

Ex-D.M.C.I. A shapely chunk off that 'berg called Iceland. Lunch begins at 9.30, continues until 12.30, or was it breakfast? Warbles in the Choral Society. Known for wearing the whitest saddle-shoes in the college; she white-washes them every a.m.

Holman K. Olson

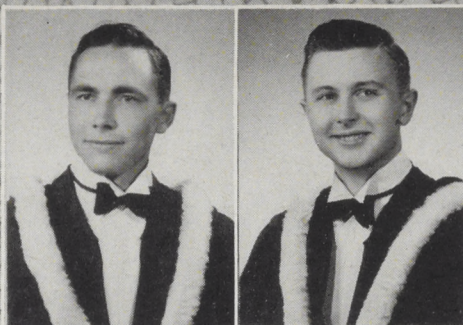
A dramatist of Aristotle lineage. Represents Selkirk at United, admits there's something fishy about it. Past, present and future in a word—women. Should make his mark in the business world—has a good beginning, sits with both feet on desk.

Gerald Panting

The last part of his name is not a participle. He does anything and argues anything, no matter which side his opponent takes. Hated white-walled tires. Jerry plans on a career. Likes Chesterfields and plays rugby.

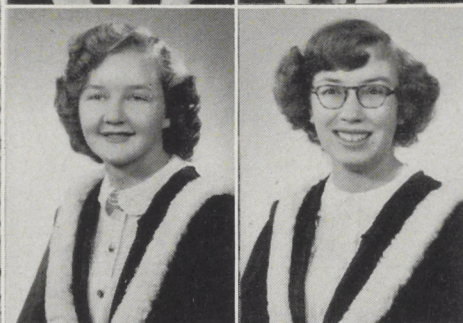
Maxine Y. Pedlar

The only racket which Maxine can be associated with is the tennis type. Of a literary, philosophical nature, she will probably make her mark in writing. A quiet wit, she resides just this side of the fire escape in Sparling Hall. Rumoured she perfected a bizarre type of sandwich. Currently wearing her third finger, left hand, to the bone.



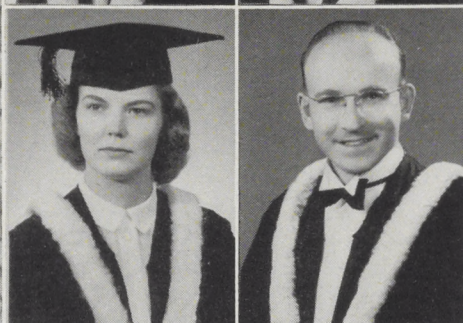
William D. Mills

"I like Pepsi's because . . ." Post-grad at Arthur Murray's. 'Boys' work at Westminster. Pet aversion is working. Collects Garry Moore records. Bill is currently "doing the wards." That magazine is "1001 New Jokes."



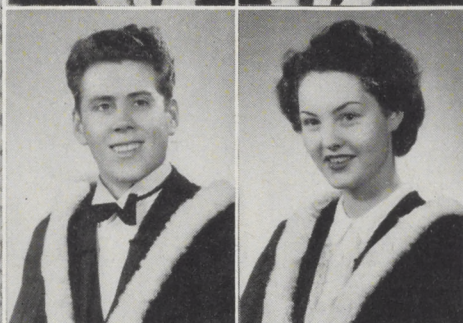
Ruth E. Nicholls

Attempts to impart the intricacies of pianer and voice to numerous little proteges. Oh, those summers at Minaki! "I think that's the funniest thing I've ever heard." Future fields: teaching or business.



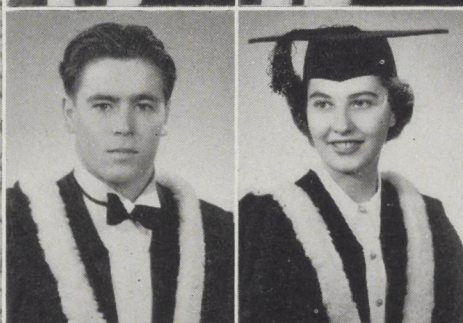
Walter Nowosad

Believes in the contract theory of government and bridge, and that either Utopia or No-Hopia are just around the corner. Defies the iron law of Winnipeg and spits on the sidewalk when he wants to. Likes to sit.



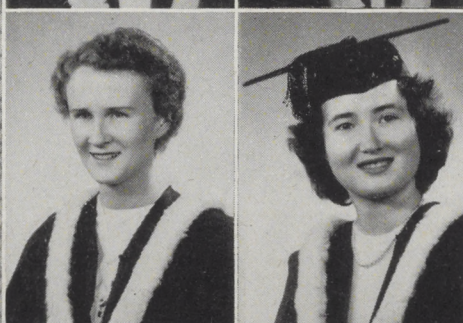
Bernice I. Orchard

The apple of the Building Fund's eye. Behind the peachy facade lurks a brain which plucks all the plums in the scholastic field, plus a "cheery" personality. Bernice's contributions to United are only comparable to those of the other eight winners of Wesley awards. Currently (sic) billed with a collegiate date, we "fig"ure her character and charm will insure a happy and successful future.



Donna E. Parkinson

A fixture of Sparling Hall—has spent more time there than Tim Fellowes. Senior member of the Parkinson Trio. Intends to complete fourth year at all costs.



Sheila R. Permack

Mothers blanch, and children scatter—Old men quail, their store teeth chatter. What could cause this fearful striving? Only Sheila's de'Vine" driving.

In four years of college Sheila has held down nearly every position but president of the Men's Club.

Harry E. Pickard

Honors bridge, honors pool, and a pass course in somnambulism. Red-haired and secretive (ask any of his profs.), Harry's ambition is to start from the bottom with the railroad—riding the rods.

Donald M. Plummer

A major in English and a part-time miner in Red Lake. Schizophrenic tendencies—talks quietly and plays the sax hoe-down style.

Donald J. Purvis

Star basketball player, and a great believer in the advantages of fresh air—long walks to the edge of town put the roses in Don's cheeks. Resorts to a bicycle for classes. Plans for the future—B.A., then the world.

Margaret I. Rankin

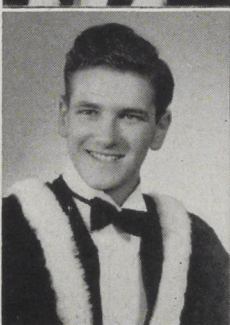
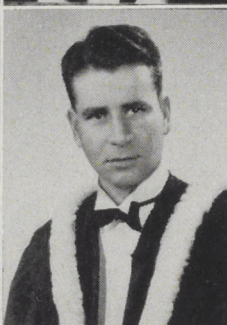
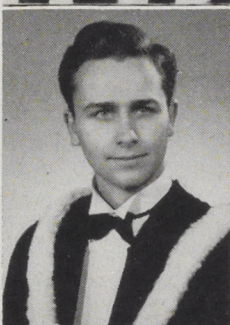
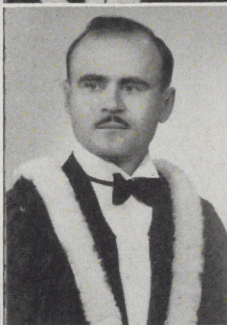
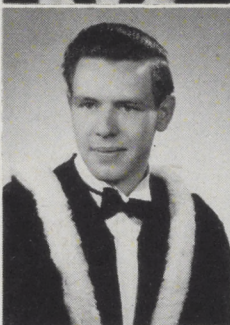
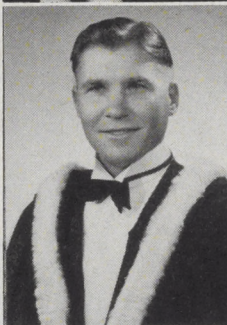
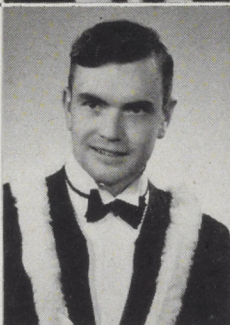
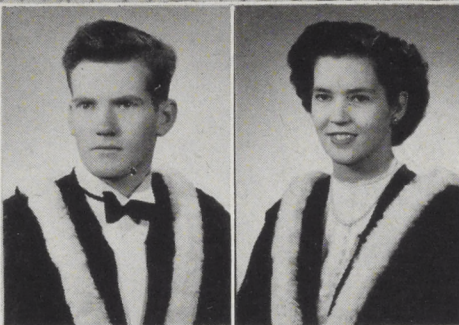
Earned an athletics award via her favorite sports: track, swimming, basketball, volleyball. Non-athletic activities include teaching Sunday School, Latin and having her hair cut.

Ian Rennie

Responsible for wear and tear on common room couch. An honours history student who plans to write a critique upon the method and presentation in "1066 and All That." Active in V.C.F. circles, Ian is an enthusiastic curler and Fuller Brush man extraordinaire. Noted for his French accent—"La Grr de Sawnt Ans," he is a prominent member of Dr. Leathers' "open air French stadium."

Carl J. Ridd

One more medal and King Carl of the Hoopsters will be ready to open his own jewellery shop. Most recent acquisition is the Phi Kappa Pi trophy for best all-round student. Past class president, editor of sports page, Isbister scholarship winner, president of French Club, chairman of Athletics, member of Sigma Lambda Psi, class valedictorian. Also rumoured he plays basketball. Next year—Education. United hates to rid itself of Carl.



Joan M. Pippy

When times get tough and make you curse,
When nerves wear thin and talk gets terse,
Remember this if things get worse,
Call Joan Pippy—future nurse!
Between whistles, Joan sparks sale in a well known jewellery store.

Joseph F. Probe

"Ya gotta have a plan." Will handle any contract, or bet for the Brooklyn Dodgers. Little Joe (no relative to two deuces) will teach for Pain et beurre. Shoots the best spitball in United. Has a questioning mind which became evident when he asked the prof. if he could leave the room.

Walter Pylypchuk

"A bag of bones—a hank of hair." Developed that feeling of projection in fourth year. Diminutive, destructive and volatile. Knows more about cribbage than the guy who invented the game.

Eileen M. Rasmussen

Diminutive time bomb — explodes only after classes. Serious and chatty. The crystal ball reveals her whispering sweet Spanish nothings to "Parliament." Obviously revolutionary tendencies.

Arthur A. Rich

A graduate of Gordon Bell. Often found in a brown study, occasionally found in a study of social sciences. A bowler sans pareil, Art en"riches" many a weary hour with his unremovable cheerfulness.

Ethel I. Ritchie

Roblin's gift to United, and one of the more frequent library patrons, but the sparkle lurking behind her smile belies her usual quiet. As to the future, the crystal ball is a little indefinite, but definitely not cloudy.

Donald D. Rodgers

Interested in child guidances. Guides fourth year class in English. "B" movie psychologist. United's last "Hope." A whole wit at times. Charter member of U.C.C.A.

Ben Rykiss

An army alumnus. St. John's leavings is United's gravy. Runs around in basketball circles. Toys with the idea of accepting a foreign ambassadorship, but will likely enter social work.

Grace Safeer

Vivacious, sympathetic and frigid. Has a quick eye and a sloe one. Is majoring in history. At last we found somebody to put a little life into social work.

Hubert W. Savage

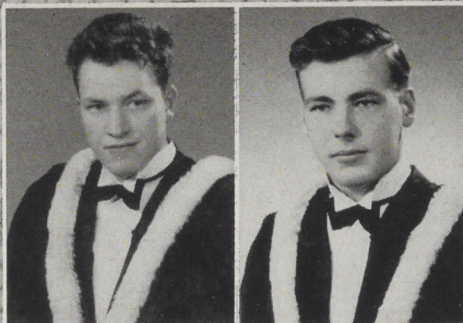
Believes in Fuller's Philosophy and Fuller's Brushes. Contrary to his name, Hugh is quite civilized, bathes every now and then and only has collected two heads. Active in student religious groups on campus, and a fine chap, fine chap.

Mary Jane Shorthill

The "My Friend Irma" type. Beloved by all for her sparkling wit and generosity. The third angle in the psychology-curling predicament. Goes by the distinctive handle of "Ken's little boob."

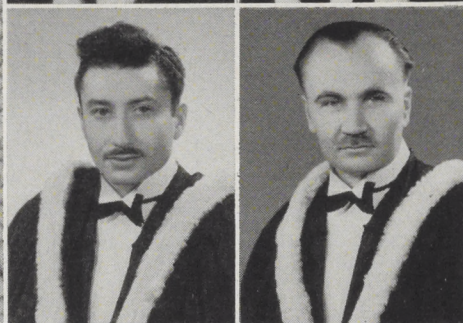
Calvin R. Somerville

Really a nice fellow but he got in with the wrong gang. Just full of that Latin rhythm. His goal in life is the development of his personality. Zounds! The man has a lot to work on.



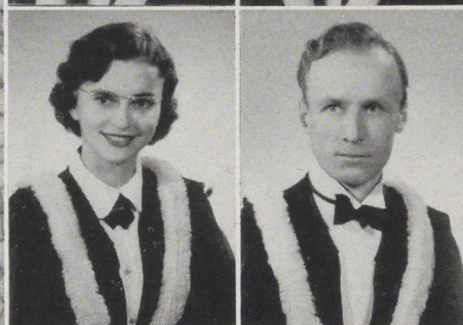
Alastair D. Ross

For whom Gordon Bell tolls; now the death of United. A reserved member of the Q.O.C.H. Other fellows' eyes are likely to turn green to match the blond hairs found on Al's shoulders.



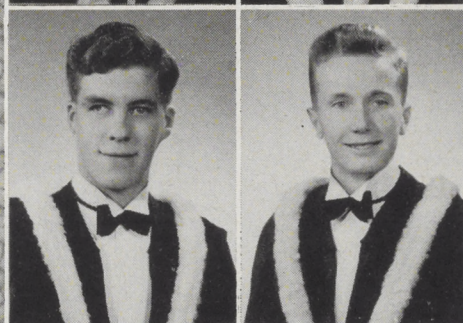
Stephen Rys

Rhymes with "rise"-and-shine in Soc. class. Married and solid. One of the anchors of the class—clinging to the bottom.



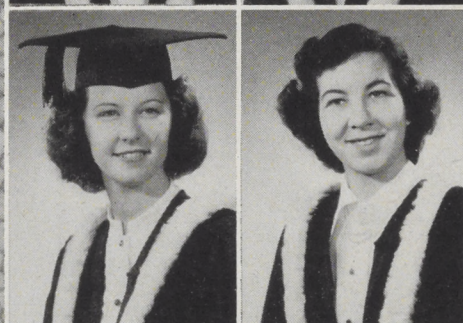
Wesley H. Sametz

Decided he couldn't leave United yet, so will stay on to take theology and be one of Dr. Freeman's board room boys. Great believer in the power of Tony's Coffee Club. Will carry a sense of humour with him to his parish.



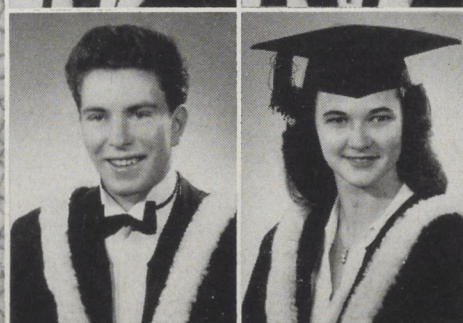
Jack G. Smith

Parlez-vous francais? Jack does, with a vengeance. A budding Charles Boyer, via Moliere, Racine and Leathers.



Marianne G. Shackell

Marvellous sense of humour—especially in the library. She makes her job as Athletic president and president of U.M.S.U. Women's Athletics seem easy. A member of Varsity senior girls' basketball team Shack rounds out her career in volleyball, hockey and bridge. Her plans for Phys. Ed. are bound to succeed. May be seen some time in the future roaming through Europe—she hopes.



G. Irene Southon

The long graceful radio antennae type. Irene has had official capacities too numerous to mention. For evening wear she has one black and one white shoulder—a good enough reason for sensationalism in the newspapers. This striking gal not only creates history but plans taking a post-grad course in it.

Isabelle Speed

The boys claim that this name is misleading. Isabel just says, "Wouldn't you like to know." Favorite song—"Charlie M' Boy." Past in Massey Harris, future in business. Falling this, should make the Olympic track team.

Arleigh E. Tait

Scorner of affectation. Iconoclast of sophistication. An excellent all-round athlete. Believes all men were created equally. A career girl, but some man will soon show her this is a man's world.

Richard J. Tettamanti

Tall, dark and handy for scraping the rink. Has a bow-tie, girl friend, athletic feet and a perpetual grin. Fine chap, fine chap!

Ivan Earl Tufts

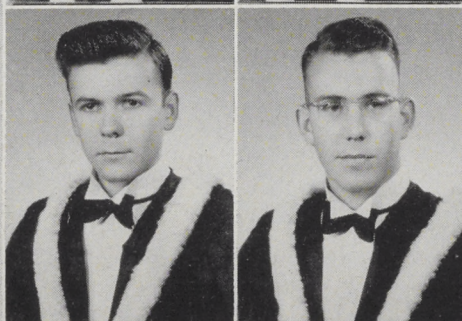
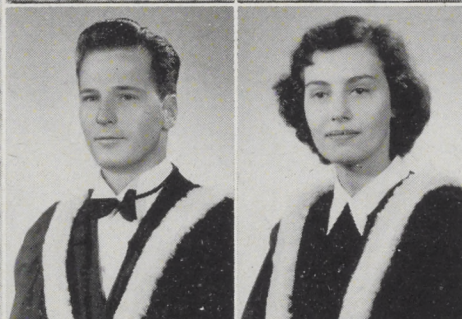
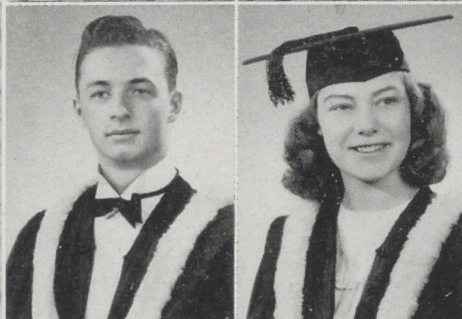
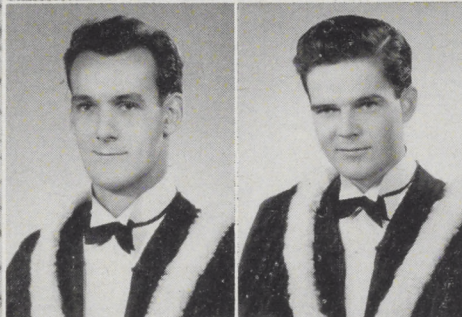
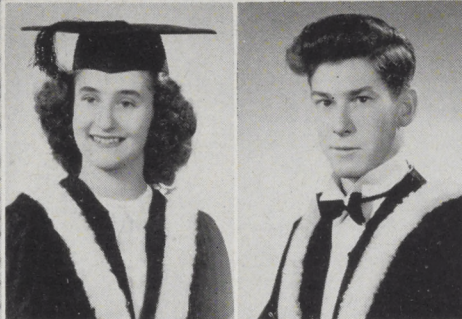
Does not live in the common room. A serious student outside of college. Suspects sociology is a form of radicalism. Saws enough wood in class to threaten the forest conservation program.

John W. Vincent

Plays the organ in Transcona, and around at United. Believes in true love. Interested in criminology, burglary and boy scout work. If you end up in jail, see Jack—he'll get you a low number.

George S. Walker

Half of the Honors English brain "rust." Known affectionately as Gorgeous George. Directs dramatics and devours romantic novels.



Harry J. Sparling

Common room bridge addict. Leadership qualities ad nauseum. Sings "Mother's a Cree" in the halls. Besides collecting theatre and athletic awards, Harry has been president of Music Club, chief question-asker of French class. General joe-boy around the White House and a great believer in that ol' college spirit.

Leslie K. Tarr

James N. Henderson scholarship winner. Immigrated from Portage la Prairie. A keen participant in University Mock Parliament. Has his irons in the fire of the Presbyterian ministry.

John Edward Tovey

Holds international coffee drinking trophy. Composer of "Chicory's Chic." Studies political science and night life. May do post-grad work in French IA. Quiet, pleasing and confused.

Shirley A. Urssel

Remarkably well embalmed personality, has kept four years at United. "Ah, sleep it is a gentle thing." "If she doesn't get into social work, she'll just die!"

Rosemarie E. Wagner

"Silly boy . . ." Taking more subjects than she can keep track of (4). A dandy "character" study. Plans to get in people's way after graduation.

Wendel S. Watson

For Grad's Farewell, his wife chose from two formals, and Wendel from two pairs of socks. Wendel didn't use to come to classes; then Wendel got married; now Wendel expects to pass. Never, in all the history of United College, has so much been said to so many by so few (one).

Austin M. Watts

Better known as "Snookles." Currently seen wearing a W.A. pin. Mac was president of college S.C.M. The strong, silent type?

Lewis G. Weston

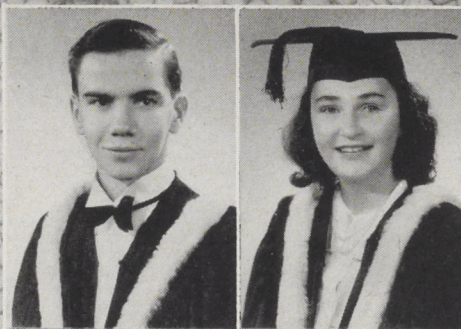
Lew is one of the "knifese" fellows we know. Known for his shrill shrieks of hysterical laughter, Lew is a far cry from the bread company—never has any dough. Chief ambition—have a model harem (or harem of models).

Douglas Whitelaw

Poor man's Donna Grescoe. Rugby star with scars to prove it. Another charter member of the U.C.C.C.A. Sees Brown and Gold spots before his eyes, but plans to remedy it by taking clinical psychology.

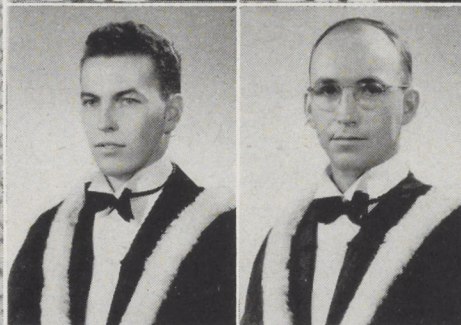
Harold Zukerman

United's Clark Gable, or what more do you expect for your money. This youngster has two years' army experience behind him. Is fashioning the "loads of learned lumber in his head" into a sturdy philosophical vehicle which should carry him enthusiastically through life. A good man for social service.



Irene M. Webster

A deaconess in the making. Anyone interested in placing oranges for Japanese oranges, contact Irene before fall.



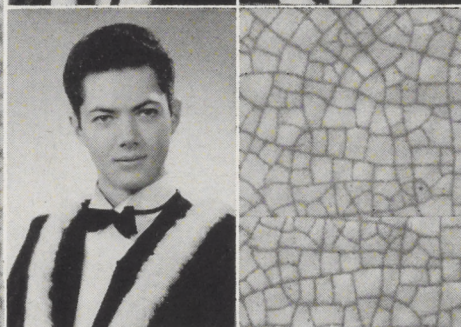
Cyril C. Whitaker

An antiquarian, owns a boat and a red-haired wife with a B.A. Our sociable social worker—like W.E. Co.—always operating in the red. Super Hawkshaw for a local credit agency. Future in personnel work. The man with the hair-line most likely to recede.



Donald R. Wilson

Curls on the ice and on the head. "Good Humour Man" for Crescent Creamery in the summer—helps cows give contented milk.



Norman F. Cantor

More commonly known as "Killer Cantor," or "the sad historian of the pensive plain." Responsible for a large portion of the brains at Macalester Conference. Is an intellect like this developed from pie and ice cream in Tony's at least twice a day?

James H. Dow

Can be found either in bed or in Tony's dissipating over a coke. Argues uninhibitedly on any topic. Responds adiently to watered wine, withered women and wanton songs. Wants to get over the craggs of life. Presently Jim is servin' a term with Irvin. Expects to make a fortune in Europe shortly.

Harvey J. Levin

Sits at the back of the class and opens the window for twentieth century English. If you meet him in the next few years, beware—he plans to take dentistry and is looking for practice. Apart from this vicious tendency, he's really quite undestructive — plays basketball and rugby, and collects records.

Gustaaf A. De Cocq

Good will ambassador from Holland. "Gustaaf" (his wife says he isn't the "Gus" type) grew camillias in his back yard, but found a fairer flower here. Laura and MahJong keep his evenings busy. A keen intellect and culture hound.

Orval J. Spencer

Just too, too a "divine" student. Quiet and "humorous" with a head of curls that will ensure an active W.A. when he becomes a pistol, or rather a canon. "Orval" is archaic for "bursts of vacant laughter."

CAMERA - SHY GRADS

To The Graduating Class

THEOLOGY—1950

TWO of this year's graduating class, George Frederick Fay and James Maxwell, B.A., are veterans of World War II. Two of the graduates are women, Mrs. Elizabeth Nemes, B.A., and Miss Lois Miriam Freeman, B.A. Mr. Charles Lindbergh Barbour, B.A. (Dalhousie), comes from Newfoundland and will return to his native province for ordination. Mr. Archibald Hindes McLachlan, B.A., entered upon his course in Arts and Theology after spending some years with the Canada Car Company at Fort William building aeroplanes. He worked in the shops and was a Labour Organizer. Gordon Hume Daly, B.A., and Charles Harkness Forsyth, B.A., have both followed an uninterrupted course of study through High School, University and Theology.

The two lady graduates are not candidates for ordination, but the other six members of the class will be ordained and serve the Church as ministers.

All have served already for several years as student ministers in various mission fields and pastoral colleges, and have given proof of their effectiveness not only in the classroom and at examination time but in the actual work of the ministry as well. They have divided the seven years of training almost equally between academic disciplines of a very exacting nature and practical field work where the student learns how to do his job by working at it.

We believe that this whole class will be a credit to United College, and we are confident that each ordinand will maintain the finest traditions of the Christian ministry and serve the Church effectively. Our best wishes go with them as they enter upon their chosen life-work.



LOIS M. FREEMAN, B.A.

"Pee Wee" added much sparkle to our class with her ever present sense of humour. Lois always managed to maintain a balanced perspective in any theological crisis, and in her thinking. As the only girl in our class she bore the brunt of many jokes and jests, and being Lois she took them all in her stride (including Roy) and emerged victorious. Lois, the very best in this new adventure she is undertaking next summer.



JAMES MAXWELL, B.A.

Jim with his dry wit and good humour we have found a genial friend. These traits along with his ability as a deliberate and deep thinker we know will carry him far in his calling. However, we have wondered why the far-away look in his eyes—perhaps it is the "White-out" he experiences at examination time. No doubt he is looking forward to the happy event to take place not many weeks after graduation.

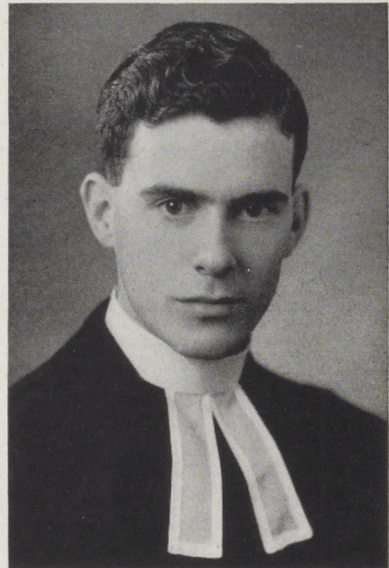


A. H. McLACHLAN, B.A.

Archie is chap with a good mind and a lively sense of humour, a friend to all and a tireless worker! As High Priest he has successfully piloted us through a year of good fellowship and stimulating thought.

A good student who has carried the burden of college work plus pastoral responsibilities in the city throughout his college career.

It is our sincere conviction that Archie, encouraged and cheered by his wife and three children, will be an effective and amiable minister of the church.



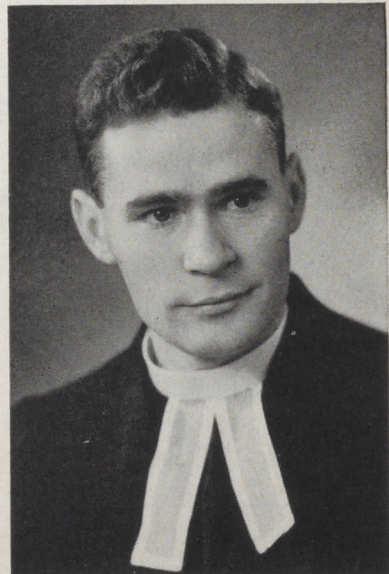
CHARLES H. FORSYTH, B.A.

The member of our class voted most likely to succeed Reinhold Niebuhr—a mimic and humorist par excellence who may end up touring the continent as guest entertainer at fowl suppers—a brilliant preacher who enjoys and wins many a verbal battle—an astute politician who will be an asset to church courts.



GEORGE F. FAY

Six sentences can hardly cover our subject: if our church should consummate a wider union, George is our candidate for bishop—he has all the form necessary. Has played a great part in beating Britain's dollar shortage by serving as salesman-evangelist for the Austin Co. Has added two to the population. In religion George is Protestant (broad): Catholic (all-inclusive): Theocratic (firm): Democratic (very yielding—when necessary).

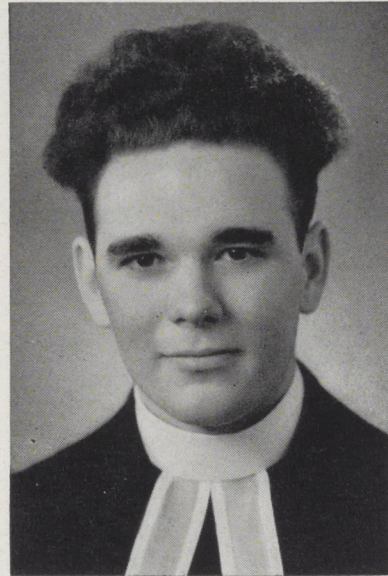


GORDON H. DALY, B.A.

Although sometimes known as the "little" minister he has contributed much to the life of the college. He has been active in the S.C.M. and keenly interested in athletics. Among the ladies he is regarded as the "gallant gentleman." Among his classmates he is known for his witty remarks and his ability to sit on a theological fence. Small in stature by having great personal qualities his success in the ministry is assured.

C. LINDBERGH BARBOUR, B.A.

Lin is the newest Canadian of our class. Coming to us from Newf'n'land we have voted him the member most likely to become the dog-sled parson of Labrador. Lin's quiet good humor and common sense have been a stimulus to us. We have found him genial, friendly and a kindly critic when our western pride has become too much in evidence. However, we hope to see Lin back in the west before many years are gone.



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Alumni . . . Hunted Out !!

WHAT happened to last year's Grad's? Well, almost as many things as there were graduates. No, on second thought, there were several professions that claimed more than their share; such as teaching and social work. But, if you would like a little more specific information on where last year's gang are, here's as complete a list as several amateur detectives were able to compile. If any of your friends are missing, guess it can be blamed on the fact that no one was standing around in convenient corners obviously waiting to spill their whereabouts. But, if you do know — I'm still wondering.

Quite a number of last year's class have chosen Education at Fort Garry. These include Maureen Moore, Lyle Gregory, Louis Ferrill, Archie Lee, Ruth King, Keith Long, Ruth Main, Audrey Wherritt, Albert Wolfe, Dorothy Wright, Helen Watson, and Olive Clubine.

And as if teaching didn't have more than its share of rare "Uniter's" there are a number that have gone straight into it. Thor Thorgrimson is an assistant here, Ray Longfield is at Assinaboine School, Ellen Malone is teaching at Chicago, Berna Brown is at Binscarth, Sam Dumka is at the coast (with his new wife. Remember Joan Reeve of the year before?). Some of the others are Kim Bally (now married), Winona Pratt, Rod MacKenzie, Alice Bouldon, and Lois Thomes, who is, I believe, to be married at Easter. And then there is Fay Blostein, who is at Bowsman, and Willa Thacher, teaching in the city and a Don at Sparling Hall.

And Social Work, next in size, has been very lucky, too. Those that have chosen Social Service are Jackson Willis, Glenn Howie, Hazel McBean, Francis Cameron, Elmer Wice, and Slade Nix, who has forsaken Manitoba for a course at Queens.

But not all the professions are so well represented. There is nursing, with Anne Williams at the General; and Law, with Art Fishman and Rudolph Anderson and Reg Walker (known as "Ugg") at a British Columbia law school. There is business college, with Jean Currie and Joyce Bashford. And Sam Coval in newspaper

work in Saskatoon; Bob Faulds in radio, and Bill Halstead at the Y.M.C.A.

Quite a number are still here at United with us. Theology has the majority, with Hal Parker, Tudor Hughes, Don Keating, Ken Goldie, Roy Schneider, and Paddy Sellars. (While talking Theology, did you know that Lloyd Peirce is taking his at McMasters, and that Stewart Liddell is in the Baptist ministry in the States?). More at United are Bill Sellers, in fifth year English; and Murray Camerson, taking his pre-med.

In order to find out what some of our previous graduates in Toronto are doing we wrote to Fred Harper, who is himself taking graduate work in Wycliffe College. Quite a number are there. "Ken Livingstone is in the Graduate School of History. He has bought a bungalow out in Alderwood, and spends most of his free time working on it. Don Bennet is also in History at a graduate level, and will in all likelihood have his M.A. this spring. With him is Bill MacKay, a former grad of the college. The Anglican Theological Colleges of Trinity and Wycliffe have claimed Dave Woeller and Ed Wallace, respectively, as potential priests. Along with myself in evidence at Wycliffe is Derek Askey, a grad of '49. At the library school are Jack Russell, Betty-Jean Crosby, and Business Administration has its representative in Wes Graham. (Incidentally, Derek is at O.C.E., Ontario College of Education, with Bill Morrison). Gerry Bedford is doing his Ph.D. in English, Dave Grose has a very fine position in the Personnel Department at Eaton's." And here I really ought to add, that the letter's jerkiness is entirely and completely to be blamed on the editors.

Some of the graduates have chosen the Navy as their way to "see the world." James Campbell, Bob Darlington, and Al Tassie, who is in the Navy in New Brunswick; Vern Margetts and Charles Crothers, who are in Bayonne, New Jersey, make the travelling adventures almost as strong a category as those who have jobs with our Government. These are Bill Paton and Norm Young; John Coats, who is in the Manitoba Department of Lands and Forests; Nancy Carr, in the Manitoba Power Com-

mission, and Pat Solberg, working for the Manitoba Hospital Association.

Those around here now know that at least two of the grads are doing library work, for we can see them every day in our own libraries; Ellen White in the upper, and Joyce Raine in the lower. Did you know that there are more who are at present getting library experience? Eleanore Leitch is in the William Avenue branch library; Marrienne Saunders is out at the U. of M.; Joan Heaton is at Broadway, and Dorothy Moore has gone all the way to Saskatoon to find a free one.

But we mustn't forget the wedding bells, Jean Justice is married now, and so is Lillian Goodman (Mrs. Al Whiteside)). Marian Heaslip is doing missionary work in Mexico. Joyce Colwill is in Florida, Marian Keating is secretary for the M.F.A.C., and Dorene Jones is secretary at the paper mills at Marathon. Fred McCormick is selling business machines, Jack McKay is headed for merchandizing via the Bay; and Lawrence Korchin is working in a sport store.

And that is all I know about last year's graduates. But I do have a letter from a graduate of

several years back, who is Associate Professor of Physics at Wesleyan University, Connecticut. Am I right in saying it is interesting enough to quote in almost its entirety?

"I was very much pleased and flattered to be invited to write to you about my present activities. Although I am very much interested in them, I suspect they may not sound very intriguing to you.

"For the last couple of years I have been directing at Wesleyan University a project in mass spectroscopy, under contract with the Atomic Energy Commission. This work is in the field of nuclear physics, but it is a very mild variety. Specifically, we are measuring, with as much precision as we can muster, the masses of various atoms. So far we have been very lucky, and we are hoping that our results may be very useful in confirming or disproving some current theories of the structure of the atomic nucleus.

"Wesleyan University is a man's college with an enrollment of about 900. It is a Library Arts school, similar in character to United College, and my wife and I find its atmosphere very congenial. My teaching load is relatively light, allowing considerable time for the above mentioned research.

"We have two children, Harry, Jr., who is six, and Jane, aged two. The former is generally and the latter is occasionally under control.

"Cordially yours,

"HARRY DUCKWORTH."

Like Jane, I am afraid this has been only occasionally under control. But the best of luck to all the graduates of last year and to those who are ready to say goodbye now.

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